

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## CHILDREN OF THE WORLD, SHAKE HANDS

### CHILDREN'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

#### THE CERTAIN ROAD TO PEACE

Every Child's Best Way of Keeping Armistice Day

LET US BEGIN NOW

THE great Peace Day of the world is upon us, the eleventh anniversary of the Armistice.

It finds the heart of the world beating still for peace, longing for the fulfilment of that great dream for which ten million men have died in our own time. And it comes upon us at a time when the hearts of men are lifted up, for Peace has won a famous victory. Peace has wrapped her wings around two hundred million people and made them friends for ever.

The English-speaking races of the world have shown mankind the way. They have shaken hands in the face of all the world and declared that, as war is ended for ever between them, they will set their eyes to the dawn, trust in the sense of human justice, and join in the rivalries of peace.

#### The Day of Our Dreams

So we come within sight of the day the Children's Newspaper has dreamed of since the hour it was born. For ten years it has been doing its best to spread goodwill about the world. It came out on the first spring day of the first year of Peace, asking that the children of the nations should grow up into men and women loving one another. It asked that they should set firmly in their hearts those words:

*Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.*

It is the easiest way and the only way to universal peace, and it was laid down nineteen centuries before the League of Nations.

This is what the C.N. said about it all ten years ago:

*Men talk as if it were hard to bring peace to this world, as if it were impossible to get the nations, with all their languages and interests and ideas, to agree with one another. Well, there was once a man who got up late in the morning, and try as he would he could not catch up Time. It is so with the Kingdom of Heaven: if you set out to seek it early you will reach the gates with ease; if you begin late it is hard.*

*What has happened with our fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts is*

Continued on Page Four

### The Nations Ride Through London



The League of Nations takes a notable place in the Lord Mayor's Show this year, today's procession including tableaux of the costumes of the 54 nations in the League. We show India, Palestine, and Wales as they appear in the ride through London.

### THE LITTLE SLAVES ARE FREE

THE C.N. is delighted to announce that the Government has done a great and noble thing.

Lord Passfield has decided to set free the ten thousand slaves of Hong Kong.

We wound up our article on this subject last week with these words: "The last word was in July; the next word must be soon." We are glad to say that the next word has been spoken.

The House of Commons has been informed that immediate steps are to be taken to end the domestic slave traffic of Hong Kong. A Bill has already been introduced into the Legislative Council there, and the Attorney-General declares that it is intended to bring the Mui Tsai system to an end as soon as possible. All that public opinion has asked for during seven years of agitation has now been granted, and we may take it that it is now admitted that hitherto our word has been broken and the good name of England flouted by the neglect to carry out official proclamations.

The registration of all Mui Tsai (girl slaves) is to be rigidly enforced. It will be remarked that this has long been provided for, but the date of enforcement was left to the discretion of the Governor of Hong Kong, and the registration has not been carried into effect. Lord Passfield, the Colonial Secretary, has now over-ruled the Governor, and registration is to be carried out immediately.

It is a great triumph for all who have fought for it, and especially for Lieutenant-Commander Haslewood, who sacrificed his position in the Navy for the sake of these slaves, and for Mrs. Haslewood, who has given seven years of ceaseless and enthusiastic devotion to this cause. It may be said that if the victory is now complete, if these slaves are to be really free, the honour is due to all who have worked and prayed for it, but most of all to Mr. and Mrs. Haslewood. They have saved these children from slavery and the flag from stain.

### PENNINES CALLING

#### THE GREAT CHANCE LOST BY THE B.B.C.

Watching the Rise of the Sleeping Kings on the Moors

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By a C.N. Reader in Yorkshire

Often the C.N. gives to those of us who love names, as personalities a special joy.

It will sympathise with us, then, as we wonder why the B.B.C. has chosen something so commonplace as Moorside Edge for the name of its Northern Regional Station. We have no Moorside Edge on our map; the Edge was surely invented in London.

With *Pennines Calling*, what music would have sounded in the ears, and what a window for the imagination would have opened!

I have to climb only a few feet higher than the 1120 odd feet at which our house stands to look across the Colne Valley at the majestic line of sleeping kings. They never fail to thrill me. The new Regional Station, within a giant stone's throw of my home, looks straight across at them. Of course, the main chain is not just at the Station, but moorside edges are almost everywhere and anywhere, we think.

#### Ghosts of Roman Sentries

Even by using Slaithwaite the B.B.C. would have stirred memories of an old forest of the days when a squirrel could spring from tree to tree the whole length of the Colne Valley.

It is thrilling for us to see the very new rising in the midst of the very old in surroundings where so much of the natural configuration remains unchanged—where the Brigantes hunted, hiding from and scowling at the Roman legionaries as they marched from Chester to York. Over the B.B.C.'s shoulder will lie the remains of a Roman camp (Slack) and on the great natural ramparts seeming from our wide-viewed windows to cross from sky to sky ghosts of Roman sentries who must once have stood there may gaze amazedly at this new and strange way of helping peace.

#### An Undreamed of Conquest

Paulinus, who must have passed this way, will not be quite so much surprised. If Saxons, Danes, and Normans hark back they will wonder mightily to find themselves in instant touch with the lands from which they set out. To us (with all these strains of ancestry tugging at our spirit) it is a strangely moving experience to watch the quiet coming of a conquest the like of which these earlier conquerors never dreamed of. Glad am I to be alive in such an age.

*And yet I cannot help regretting with all my heart that the B.B.C. has lost its opportunity and is not to give us *Pennines Calling*.*



## PHARAOH'S HEART HARDENED LIKE A STONE

One More Witness to the  
Truth of the Bible

### LORD MOYNIHAN'S STRANGE STORY

*And the heart of Pharaoh was hardened.*  
So wrote the chronicler of the Exodus.

Indeed it was, agrees the greatest English surgeon, Lord Moynihan, speaking with the authority of exact knowledge, gained 34 centuries after Moses led the Israelites from beneath the yoke of that hard Egyptian oppressor.

The Pharaoh of the Oppression was buried long since, but his mummy, sunk in its rocky tomb, has yielded up the hidden secret of the king's heart to the examination of Mr. S. G. Shattalk, a pathologist of the Royal College of Surgeons. The heart is so well preserved that to those who, like Lord Moynihan, have examined it in this twentieth century it reveals the cause of the Pharaoh's death.

#### Changes of the Mind

He died of the disease which attacks the heart when the great vessel leading from it becomes rigid and inelastic. The Pharaoh may have died from a sudden failure of the heart. He may have been smitten with paralysis.

But that is not all the English surgeon had to tell of the Rameses of Egypt who will always be known as the Pharaoh of the Oppression. There were changes of the mind which went with that rigid hardened artery of the heart.

The mind became narrowed; there was a dread of making a decision; there was a rigidity of outlook. The heart of Pharaoh was hardened and he would not let the people go.

The hardened heart of that Pharaoh on whom, as on his land, descended such heavy punishment can be seen today, its weakness revealed. Lord Moynihan showed a photographic slide of it at a lecture at Leeds. It was, he said, a demonstration for all eyes to see of the truth of the Old Testament.

It is even more wonderful than the discovery which Mr. Leonard Woolley made at Ur of the Chaldees of the Deluge of the Old Testament which flooded the Valley of the Euphrates.

### THE OFFICIAL MIND

Prove That You are Alive!

Official minds are very queer things: sometimes they do not seem like minds at all.

We have just heard of a young officer in the Indian Army who went for three months' leave, ending in July. According to regulations an officer can only draw his monthly pay if he sends the authorities a statement witnessed by some responsible person to say he is alive at the end of the month.

Instead of applying for pay each month during his leave this officer applied at the end, duly accompanying his letter with a witness's statement that he was alive at the end of July.

He got his pay for July. But the pay authorities said he could not have pay for May and June until he had proved that he was alive at the end of those months also.

We have Shakespeare's authority for the statement that a coward dies many times before his death, but the Paymaster-General had no evidence for regarding the young officer either as a cat or a coward. He might have given the poor youth the benefit of the doubt and believed that a man alive in July was alive in June and May also.

## A CALL AT THE APPLE-STALL

A PLEASANT SIGHT IN  
GOTTINGEN

### The Burgomaster and His Councillors Pay a Friendly Visit 50 YEARS AT HER POST

A fine little procession attracted the attention of passers-by in Gottingen the other day.

Strangers stopped and stared. First came the Chief Burgomaster of Gottingen with his Councillors; then came the Student Corps of the University, and after that representatives of various public bodies.

Were they going to unveil a monument? No, they did not look solemn enough for that. There was a smile on every face. Evidently it was a festive occasion.

At last the strangers asked a passer-by. "They are going to wish someone many happy returns," he said.

"A grand duke, perhaps?"  
"No; an old apple-woman."

Hans Andersen, the Grimm Brothers, Lewis Carroll, do your ghosts hear that? It would please you to think of a Chief Burgomaster going in civic pomp through the ancient streets to do homage to an apple-woman. Old town, circled with ramparts and lime trees, in your thousand years of history you never saw a pleasanter day!

#### One is Only Ninety Once

Frau Ella Mueller blushed like the reddest of her wares when the grand gentlemen and the saucy students formed up round her stall. Her heart fluttered like a bird as the Burgomaster made his little speech and the people cheered. For the rest of the day she could hardly count her change aright, but she did not mind being so upset.

"After all, one is only ninety once!"

We think Gottingen did well to honour her. For half a century she has sat at her little stall, in her accustomed place, come sun, rain, or snow, selling her wares with a smile. Men who are grey remember her as part of their childhood.

We grow fond of familiar streets and familiar scenes, but the old stones do not care about our love. The apple-woman has become as much a part of Gottingen streets as the stones, but she can and does care to be remembered with affection.

How wise was the Burgomaster not to wait till she is gone!

### A LITTLE HERO INDEED

Audrey Webster at the  
Music Festival

There is a true story of a man brought into hospital one night, black in the face and choking because he had swallowed his teeth in his sleep. Just as the surgeons were about to help him his daughter rushed up to say that the false teeth had been found under the bedclothes. Instantly the choking symptoms disappeared. (Which shows what the mind can do to the body.)

Now we hear a very different story. Audrey Webster, aged 12, was making her way through the streets of Blackpool to take part in a music festival when she was knocked down and made unconscious. But directly this brave little maid came round she insisted upon going to the hall as if nothing had happened. Once there she thought so resolutely of the music instead of her aches and pains that she obtained second place in her class. That also shows what the mind can do to the body.

People like Audrey Webster would no more dream of letting their bodies control their minds than they would let a piano play them, instead of themselves playing the piano.

## TWO LONELY MEN OF 40 CENTURIES

Lord Moynihan, who has called Pharaoh's Heart as a witness to the truth of the Bible, as told in another column, has brought another strange tale from Egypt.

King Tcheser, or Zoser, Pharaoh of the Third Dynasty of Egypt, built for himself a house of stone which was to be his tomb and which succeeding generations know as the Step Pyramid of Sakkara.

In this stone pyramid, the oldest known, Mr. Firth of the Cairo Museum has found many interesting things, including a statue in limestone of Tcheser himself, who was a great conqueror and extended the kingdom of Egypt to Lower Nubia.

#### What the Soldier Wrote

But of all that he has found nothing is more strange or curious than two inscriptions on the stones. One was written there close on 4000 years ago by an Egyptian soldier returning from the wars. It is in hieroglyphics not easy to be read, but Mr. Firth has deciphered them, and this is what the soldier wrote:

*I am the only survivor of my company, which fought in Punt, and I have come to worship at the Temple of my fathers.*

Punt is far to the south, beyond even Nubia, and near the British colony which we now call Uganda.

When Mr. Firth was lately taking Lord Moynihan, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, over Sakkara he pointed to this inscription, which had only just been uncovered, and told him what the hieroglyphics meant.

#### A Tragic Coincidence

But then he pointed to another inscription, which needed no skill to read, for it was scrawled in English, and was written only the other day, as we say, when the Australians who came to fight in the Great War were camped near Sakkara. Thus the inscription ran:

*I am the only survivor of my company, which fought in Gallipoli.* John Smith, 1917.

Was ever so odd, so tragic, a coincidence? History was repeating itself after forty centuries, and a soldier coming from Australia to fight in a strange land ten thousand miles from home was inscribing, in almost identical words, the lament of a survivor of a war of the Third Dynasty in Egypt?

And both were the only survivors of their companies, both had known the unutterable misery of war.

### LISTENING-IN WITHOUT A SET

An Idea Worth Developing

Why pay several pounds for a wireless set and have the continuous expense of buying and recharging batteries?

In Ramsgate there are 800 wireless enthusiasts who have answered this question to their own satisfaction. Besides the licence the only suggestion of wireless in each of these homes is a loud speaker, yet the broadcast programmes are heard at will by the operation of a switch.

The secret lies in a powerful receiving set at a central station, from which the programmes are sent by landlines to the homes of subscribers to the service, which costs only half-a-crown a week.

Another great advantage of this idea, if it were to become more widespread, is that it would help to do away with the forests of aerial masts which disfigure so many districts.

## A ZULU AND HIS KITTEN

Mack Malaani Goes Out  
By Night

### A TALE WITH A MORAL

Mack Malaani is a Zulu native who works as a "cocopan" boy in the Johannesburg mines. He suddenly became famous.

It was a kitten that did it. Mack went out one night to his brother's house to fetch this pet. On his way back with the little five-weeks-old bundle of fluffiness a policeman met him and asked for his pass.

Mack had not a pass, though it was after midnight. It will be news to many C.N. readers, though it was no news to Mack, that a native must not be out after twelve o'clock at night unless he has a pass from his employer. That is what Johannesburg means by a White Man's Country.

#### A Kitten in Court

Mack was marched off to a police station, but nothing would make him part with his kitten. It slept the night with him in his cell, and appeared snuggling up to him next morning in the police court. As the kitten was the only excuse he could find for being out without a pass he was fined £2, which was about half his month's wages.

As he had no money he went to prison, all but crying because he could not take his kitten with him. He had offered it to the magistrate, and finally the native woman probation officer, a creature with a kindly heart, said she would take care of it for him.

That is not all the story; for when the Johannesburg Star told of Mack and his kitten a dozen people came forward to pay the fine, and Mack, greatly rejoicing, went back to work with his kitten clasped to his dark chest.

Still more good may come out of his tale, because a number of people are asking in Johannesburg whether it is not time that heavy fines were no longer imposed on natives for tiny technical offences, and whether the Pass Law itself is one which should not be repealed.

### THINGS SAID

Sorry, old chap; it was my fault.

A motor-cyclist dying in an accident

The love of children keeps me in public life.

Lady Astor

Playing Gilbert and Sullivan for 40 years has kept me young.

Mr. Henry Lytton

Though there are many writers, readers are all too few.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell

I have failed in three months to find work for a million people.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

Lord Darling gave me two verdicts for £5000 and £2000 and I have not received a shilling.

Mr. Thomas at a dinner with Lord Darling  
We are the world's finest producers and the world's worst sellers.

Mr. Edward Symonds

The museum movement in this country has reached a crisis.

Sir Frederic Kenyon

Go to Zululand; you will find the roads better than any London by-pass.

Sir Alfred Tobin

What Manchester looks like today the English countryside may look like tomorrow.

Professor Abercrombie

The word drunk should not be used; anyone under the influence of drink and unfit to drive should be convicted.

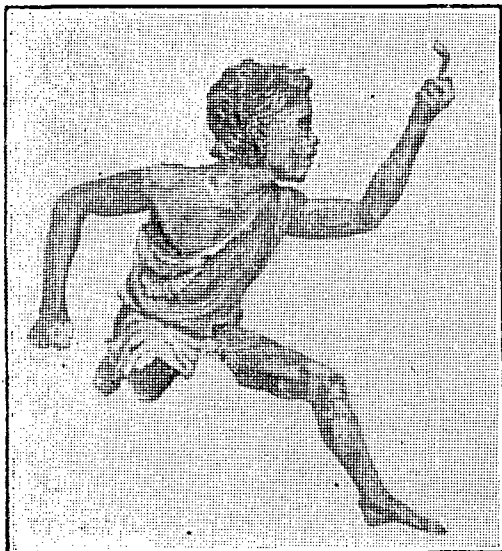
Sir Robert Wallace, K.C.

A man's life consisteth not in the things he possesseth.

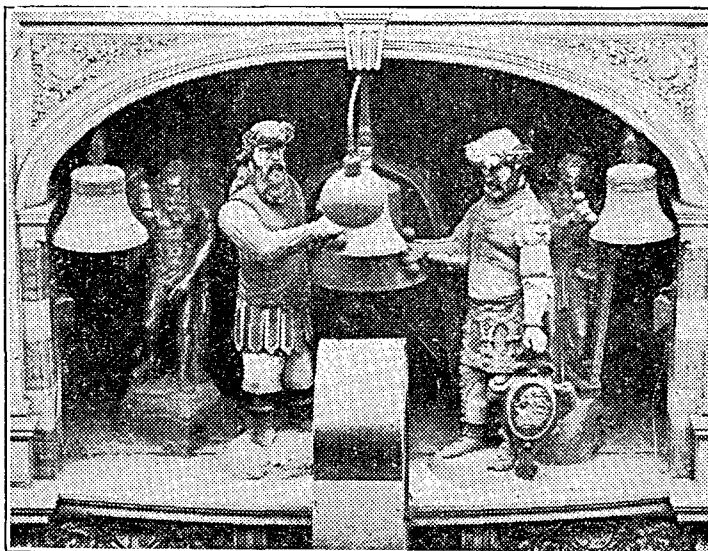
Jesus



# GOG AND MAGOG FOR U.S.A. · A THRILLING LEAP · BOYS AS BUILDERS



**A Boy from the Sea**—This Greek statue of a boy has been recovered from an ancient ship which was wrecked in the Aegean Sea with a cargo of works of art.



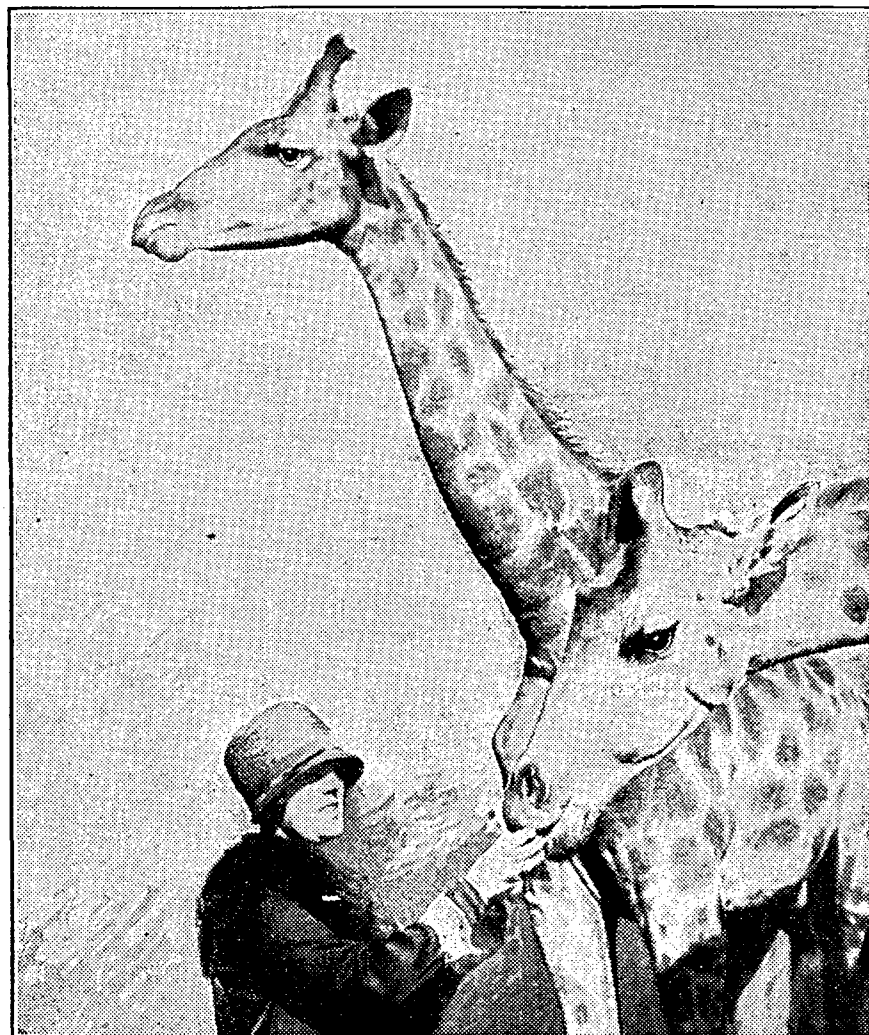
**Two Old Londoners for U.S.A.**—The famous figures of Gog and Magog that struck the hours above Sir John Bennett's shop in Cheapside have been bought by Mr. Henry Ford to be re-erected at his works in Detroit.



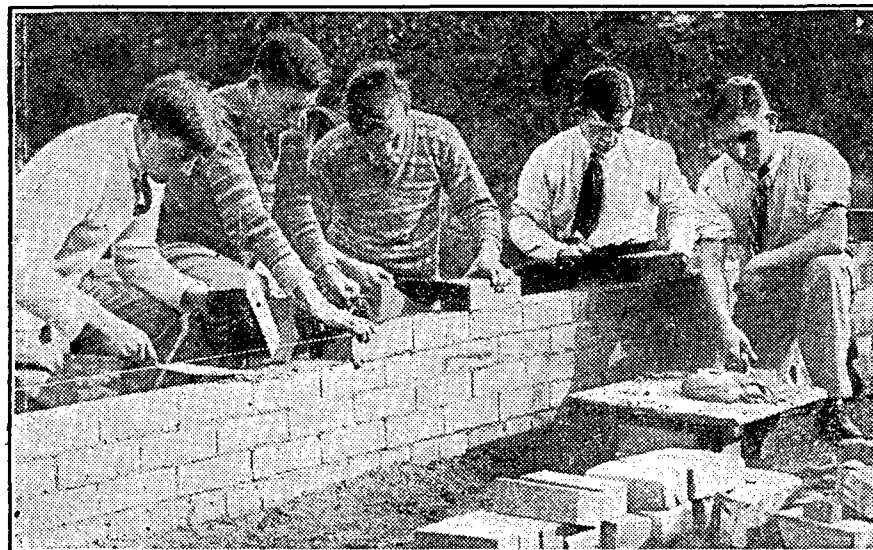
**Chief Scout Among His Boys**—A proud and happy group of Scouts greeted Lord Baden-Powell when he paid a visit to Chiswick recently.



**A Thrilling Leap**—This snapshot was taken when a member of the Peak Climbing Club was jumping across a gap at the famous Black Rocks near Matlock, Derbyshire.



**Making Friends at the Zoo**—This visitor to the London Zoo only had some very small tit-bits to offer the giraffes, but the giants were pleased to accept them.



**Boys Build a Library**—Boys of Trent College, near Nottingham, are building their own library in their spare time. The foundation stone was laid by the Archbishop of York. See page 5.



**A School for Nurses**—At the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, the nurses attend classes at which they are taught housekeeping as well as their professional duties.



## 350 LOST FRIENDS

### TRAGEDY OF THE LITTLE PUPPETS

#### An Old Man's Pathetic Loss in a Kinema Studio

#### PLEASURES OLD AND NEW

A fire broke out in the studios of a talking-picture firm at Wembley the other day, without the loss of human life, happily, but at the cost of a bitter breaking of a human heart.

Signor Ottorino Gorno had been invited to make a film with his marionettes and every one of them was lost in the flames. The next day a newspaper man found him seeking vainly in the ashes for one survivor.

"They had become my friends," he said. "We lived together. We travelled all over the world together. And now not one is left!"

#### Made 150 Years Ago

For many generations Signor Gorno's family had plied the same trade. On a small stage they have made their puppets enact the most famous operas, or scenes from history, or fairy tales. Some of the puppets lost in the fire the other day were made by his ancestors 150 years ago. They had played the same rôles so many times that to Signor Gorno it seemed as if they must have become endued with character: Madame Butterfly was sweet and wistful, Carmen gay as a rose, William Tell was staunch and bluff, and Othello was impetuously daring.

He had 350 little comrades like that, and now at a stroke he has lost them all, with their dresses and their scenery.

Alas that these quaint and beautiful puppets should have been offered up on the altars of newness! The talking picture is the newest form of mechanical amusement and the marionette show is the oldest, and as far as we have seen them the marionette is much better than the talking film.

#### An Ancient Art

Jointed figures moved by wires have been found in early Egyptian tombs, and ancient Greece loved the puppet-show. Old England watched gravely while puppets enacted Bible stories. The courtiers of Charles the Second's day could be as much entertained by a puppet heroine as by a living Thomas Betterton or Nell Gwynn.

But gradually England grew tired of the doll actors. Almost the last English puppet shows dealt with the story of Napoleon, the death of Nelson, and Grace Darling's rescue of the crew of the *Forfarshire*. Then they, too, disappeared.

The Continent has remained more faithful to the puppets. Maeterlinck has actually written for them, and in Italy, Signor Gorno's native land, the marionettes have never lost public favour. But what is the use of his art now? All the little people who danced, fought, wept, or sang at his bidding are no more. They have been butchered to make a people's holiday, or so it must seem to this sorrowful man who plied one of the very oldest arts in the world.

#### THE OKLAHOMA CAT

Never let us say again that a calm person is "cool as a cucumber." Let us say, instead, "as cool as the Oklahoma's cat." Cucumbers are almost feverishly hot compared with that stolid quadruped.

The Oklahoma was nothing but a burned-out skeleton in London Dock, Liverpool, when searchers went down into her hold the other day and found the ship's cat asleep. They could not imagine why she was not dead, and, not being dead, why she was not mad with fright. Perhaps she kept herself calm by saying, as the ship became a furnace, "Every day, in every way, I am colder and colder."

It would be nice, at any rate, to have her temperament if not her nine lives.

## A CHILDREN'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Continued from Page One

that they began too late. They tried to stop the war five years ago; they should have started fifty years ago. For fifty years they grew up thinking of war, reading of war, seeing pictures of war, singing songs of war. They began with little toy soldiers and guns, and grew up dreaming of the day when no nation should be stronger than theirs, when perhaps they would pay the children of another nation out for something their fathers had done. So they prepared for war, often without knowing what they did, and when they cried for peace it was too late. The seed had borne fruit.

To make peace you must begin at fifteen or sixteen, at twelve or thirteen, at nine or ten. You must fill your heart and head with the great idea of a united world. You must understand that justice means as much to other people as to us.

Think of the children of the world at this moment. Who hates them? What harm have they done to anyone? Why should the day come when suddenly you will turn against them?

It need not come. It never can come if all who have the power will use it now to bring the boys and girls of every country into a mighty ring of peace, a Children's League of Nations. That is the hope of the world; it is the greatest hope the world has.

That is what the C.N. said in its first number; it says it again today. Its dreams are coming true, and it calls upon the children of the world to form themselves into a Children's League of Nations. The peace of all mankind is in their hands, in your hands. You will grow up with power to rule your country. Any one of you may be a Prime Minister, a Cabinet Minister, a Member of Parliament, a man or woman of influence, a writer or a teacher; every one of you will help to make your country better or worse, to build up love or hate, goodwill or ill-will, peace or war.

#### Ignorance and Wars

You are growing up in a world that is trying hard to kill the greatest evil ever known. It is trying hard to find a way that will please all nations for settling quarrels of every kind. There must always be differences between nations, as there must always be differences between families. If we cannot agree with our friends, how

shall we agree with those we do not know, whose language we do not speak?

Out of this ignorance of the life of other nations have grown all the wars of history. It is ignorance that leads to misunderstanding, misunderstanding to prejudice, prejudice to hate, and hate to war. We must, therefore, understand each other. We must learn to live side by side with each other in peace and goodwill.

And so we, you who read the C.N. and I who send it out to you, will pledge ourselves to live at peace with all mankind. We will think well of our neighbours in the world and try to understand them—their point of view; the natural difficulties they have to face; the troubles of having many races in their borders, or awkward neighbours, or no way out to the sea, or long and bitter memories to overcome; their struggles with poverty, or with mountain barriers, or ice and snow, or heat. We who live in these islands have our problems; we cannot live more than a month at any time without the help of the world outside. So every country has its problems, and we must try to understand them as we wish them to understand ours.

#### Understanding One Another

What we will do in our Children's League of Nations is to try to understand that the world belongs to us all. We will not be satisfied until we feel as friendly to our Chinese neighbours as to Yorkshire folk, until we feel as close akin to France and Germany and Poland as to Birmingham and Devon.

From today we are brothers and sisters, the first Children's League of Nations that has ever been. Our League will be as wide as the world. Our members will speak all languages. Their homelands will be North and South and East and West, across mountains and over seas; our aims will be the same, and our hearts will beat as one.

We shall enrol ourselves and have our badge. We shall associate ourselves with the great League of Nations Union, which is already hundreds of thousands strong. We shall do our utmost to spread this friendly League of ours until it covers all these Islands and then all the world. We will not rest until we have thrown our chain of friendship round the Earth.

ARTHUR MEE

## HOW TO JOIN THE LEAGUE

All letters about the Children's League should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge showing the world encircled by stars for all the nations of the League.

Each letter should give your

Name and address  
Date and year of birth  
Name of your school

You will receive in return the Card and Badge of Membership, and will in due course receive information how to link up with your local group of members.

There will be arrangements for meeting other members at parties, plays, pageants, lectures, film shows, and so on. There will be opportunities of making friends in your own neighbourhood and

in other countries. There will be a Letter Exchange.



There will be arrangements for visits to interesting places and scholarship tours to Geneva. There will be prizes in the C.N. And, most of all, there will be for all of us the great happiness of belonging to the first Children's League of Nations, the forerunner of the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. We shall be Founders of the Great Peace that will cover the Earth.

Further news of the League will appear next week. In the meantime please

Send sixpence (your first annual subscription of sixpence per year) with your name, address, age, and school to

The C.L.N., 15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1.

It will delight the Editor if Daddy will send 10s. to enrol himself and all the family.

## DONNA BELOVED

### A LIFE FOR THE POOR

#### A Society Girl Who Gave Herself to Her Country

#### ITALY'S SORROW

Donna Bettina is dead, and hundreds of poor folk are grieving.

Her mother was the beautiful English wife of the Marchese di Casanova, and she came of a gallant, liberty-loving stock whose menfolk had risked death on the scaffold for their political faith.

Donna Bettina was high-spirited and gay, but from earliest childhood her heart was quick to feel pity. In the village she saw children who were hungry and in rags because their fathers were sick or dead.

#### Caring for the Children

Before she came of age this young girl had opened a little orphanage for ten or twelve such children. The young Society girl did not play at charity; the mothering of those children was her first concern, and later on she strove so that each child should find its true lifework.

Early she gained experience which stood Italy in good stead during the war. It was during her work for wounded soldiers that she met one, of very humble origin, who was to be called Il Duce in days to come.

Donna Bettina did many kinds of war work as the need arose and what she did for the Allied soldiers won her, though not a British subject, the rank of Dame of the British Empire. But perhaps the work she did best of all was caring for the refugee children from the war area in North-East Italy.

It was so successful that when peace came she was invited to play a leading part in the organisation of a great movement for the welfare of the young people of Italy.

#### Worn Out With Work

She was born for the work. Swiftly she organised crèches, clinics, kindergartens, night schools, and working parties in the towns and villages. Her energy and enthusiasm kindled other people's. She travelled up and down ceaselessly, planning, helping, encouraging. Within one month she was organising in the Trentino alone 600 night schools for adults, 230 more day schools, and 140 infant schools. The Ministry of Public Instruction gave her its gold medal and the title of *Ispettrice Generale*.

And now she has died, worn out with incessant work for others.

Her life might have been one of ease and luxury. She need not have done an hour's work, but she worked herself to death. Never was anyone happier, for she spent her days making unhappy people happy, and in the end she was able to lay the foundations of a new, fuller, better life for the poor people of her native land.

#### PUTTING A RAILWAY FARTHER BACK

In Ireland new steps are being taken by the Government to keep the Free State together. Bits of it are falling into the sea.

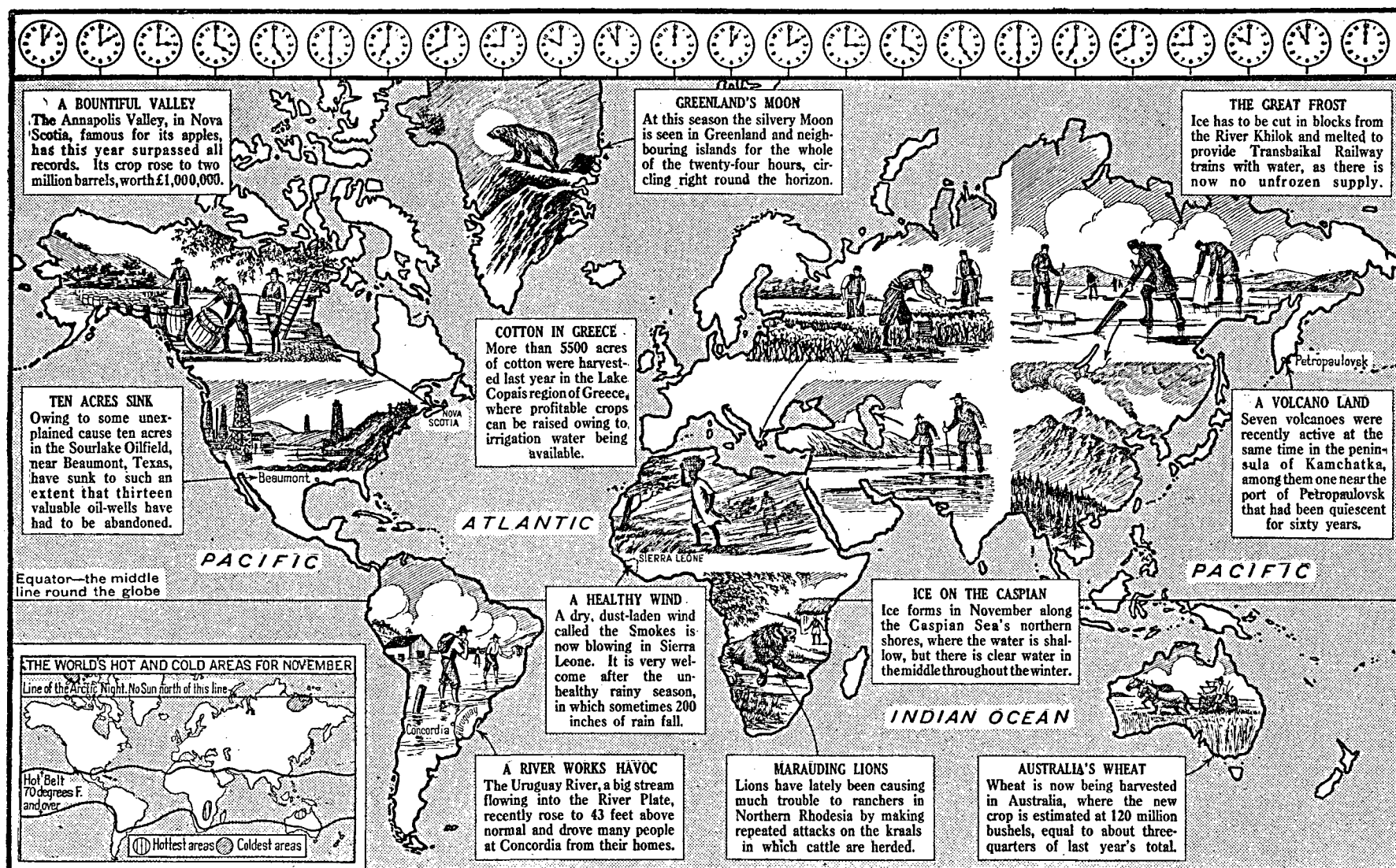
So vigorously is the Irish Sea attacking the Irish coast that the Dublin and South-Eastern Railway Company has had to remove a portion of its railway line farther inland so as to get out of the sea's way.

At Greystones the very dwelling-houses are in danger, and the Government has appointed a Committee to inquire into coast erosion and see what can be done and what it will cost.

The Committee might ask some useful questions of the Essex authorities, who are planting rice grass in the Thames Estuary at Leigh Marshes to dam the flowing tide.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## BUILDERS ALL

Boys of the Right Metal  
HOW TRENT COLLEGE IS GOING UP

Trent College, near Nottingham, wanted a library to hold ten thousand books. The builders said it would cost fifteen hundred pounds and take a long, long time to make.

So the boys decided to build it themselves. In three weeks they dug and laid the nine-foot concrete foundations and built up several feet of brick wall. The library will be finished in one year instead of two.

The College has only to pay for bricks, timber, and the wages of the foreman bricklayer and foreman carpenter who supervise the volunteers.

The Archbishop of York, who laid the foundation-stone, told the boys they would leave something of themselves in the school for ever, and we believe it.

The library will be a dignified low building of Early English aspect with a rafted roof. There will be nothing raw, jerry-built, or ugly about it. Generations of boys will love to browse in it, and to show it to parents, and tell its history.

Our old friend, Lord Trent, whose heroic endurance of physical adversity is as well known as his pioneering energy and business genius, will be prouder than ever of having brought the River Trent into the peerage. *Picture on page 3*

## A FRENCH CRISIS

The fall of the French Government and the end of the twelfth premiership of M. Briand has caused great disappointment in Europe, owing to its possible consequences on the settlement of the Reparation question.

It is hoped, however, that the new Government will carry on in the spirit of M. Briand, as the crisis has been brought about by parties in entire sympathy with his policy.

## SAYING THEIR PRAYERS

We take this lovely picture from our pleasant little contemporary by the Mersey, Port Sunlight News.

We were returning, my three young children and myself, from a long day's excursion, tired, but happy. We had explored, picnicked, found lovely unusual wild flowers, and investigated the ruins of an old castle. As we travelled we spied a charming little church.

A thought struck me. It was about six o'clock, their bedtime, so I stopped the car and asked my young brood if they would like to say their prayers in the little church instead of by their bed. There was a chorus of "Oh, yes! Please let's, Mummy."

We found some beautiful pictures hanging on the walls: Christ compassionately leaning over a wounded soldier; St. Christopher carrying the Christ Child across the water; St. George and the Dragon. We had a little talk about the pictures and finished up by deciding that we were all going to try to be brave and courageous. We thought we liked the pew near the picture of St. Christopher and the Christ Child best, so we knelt down there.

Afterwards they thought they would like to sing their hymns, so all stood up and, although there was no organ, the singing voices seemed very sweet to me.

Before we left we crept softly up to the altar steps and gazed through the wrought-iron screen at the serene figure of Christ in the stained-glass window above the altar, and one little voice said, "Mummy! That's our Friend."

## THE SERVANT'S CHARTER

What is known as the Servant's Charter is now before the German Government.

It will enforce a minimum of nine hours' sleep for all indoor servants over 18 and ten hours if they are younger. They must be free from work for four hours every weekday and from three o'clock on alternate Sundays.

SWEDEN'S MATCHBOX  
Going All Over the World

Matches made in Sweden will now strike in Germany.

When Hans or Fritz lights his pipe or Gretchen lights the stove, they will use a Swedish match because there will be no others. The German Government, in exchange for a £25,000,000 loan, has given the Swedish Match Trust the sole right to make the matches for Germans.

Britain will still strike British matches on a British box, but over half the rest of the world the Swedish matches are setting things alight. Greece, Poland, Yugo-Slavia, Latvia, Estonia, and Peru use no other.

The Swedish match goes, besides, to the United States, Belgium, Finland, China, India, and Japan. It also goes to France, where the matches used to be nasty things with sulphur heads that burned with a blue flame. It has not yet got to Spain, where the matches might be improved.

Someone recently made a collection of penny match-boxes, collecting 200 specimens. The Swedish factories make 2000 different matchboxes!

## A RUSSIAN STORY

He is a convict in a Russian prison, serving a three-years sentence for getting drunk.

It seems a harsh punishment for gluttony till we think of what his gluttony brought to others.

He was the operator at a cinema in Igolino, and because he was drunk there was an accident and 140 people were burned to death.

Who shall say the tribunal was wrong to count drunkenness a crime when drunkenness leads so often to the death of innocent people? Often when we read the daily account of traffic accidents we are tempted to think that men should sign the pledge before they sign applications for driving licences. The day will come.

STOP THE WAR  
A Policeman Does It

## ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK IN EAST AFRICA

It is not only in the Strand that the policeman's uplifted hand stays the onset of advancing hosts. It has happened in East Africa.

In East Africa there has of late been a great deal of unrest among the Masai and Lumbwa tribes, and the young braves have been getting out their spears.

Policeman Slattery, on his way to look into some cattle raiding in which the less controlled native tribes were implicated, came suddenly on 200 Masai warriors on the warpath. They had assumed their shields and spears and knives, and were marching hot-foot to the Lumbwa country.

The policeman stopped them. We can imagine his businesslike query: Now, what is all this about? It was so reasonable, and Slattery was so convincing that the Masai warriors grumblingly turned back.

Slattery's day was not ended. He was about to return to camp when news was brought to him that the Lumbwa warriors, hearing that the Masai were on their way, were sallying forth to meet them. The policeman met the trouble half-way. Another convincing argument, and then the Lumbwa also went back home.

P.-c. Slattery breathed a sigh of relief. The policeman's lot is sometimes a not unhappy one. He had nipped a war in the bud.

## THE BLACK CHIMNEYS OF THE STRAND

The Smoke Abatement Committee recommends for all London that the emission of black smoke for two minutes in any half-hour shall be declared a nuisance.

What will those smoky chimneys in the Strand do now, poor things?



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 9 1929

## Our Heroes

THE great day of the Peace is here again and we are thinking of our heroes. Who will be our heroes in the days to come?

One of the last things Herr Stresemann said at Geneva was one of the best things ever said there. He spoke of heroism, and his words were addressed to the younger generation. To them he said that in the future it will not be War that will give us heroism, but Peace, for war has become a brute mechanical force.

Dr. Stresemann spoke as one who had seen his Fatherland brought low in spite of heroism on many a battlefield.

The dying statesman spoke to the generation that is coming, which must profit by avoiding the mistakes of the war years or must perish. It is a splendid and hopeful world that lies ahead. The struggles will not be between man and man. They will be waged against the stubborn forces of Nature. The heroism will always be wanted to surmount the Unknown, and the Unknown in Nature will never cease to be.

In those prophetic words which Dr. Stresemann spoke he realised the great truth about war as it is. No more does it give youth its chance of heroism, for in future wars the human spirit will be set against mechanical force; it is mechanism, and not courage, that now determines battles.

The real test of strength and courage today is in the realms of Peace. Dr. Stresemann knew that. He could read the lengthening roll of the soldiers of medicine who since the war have given their lives in the struggle against yellow fever and typhus, or the growing list of the X-ray martyrs who have gone on with their work with death staring them in the face. He could see men going out to the frozen Polar wastes to plot the way for the world of future travel. Then there are the flying-men who take aeroplanes over oceans and deserts. Heroism will never perish while there is perilous work to be done.

The world will live long before it sees the last of the heroes who make dangerous experiments on land, on sea, in the diving bell, or in the laboratory in doing the world's work and increasing its knowledge; but these, the great men whose deeds are in everyone's mouth, are only a tithe of the heroes of Peace the world produces every day, and sometimes never knows.

The Unknown Heroes of Peace are an ever-increasing army. Their heroism differs from that of war in this particular above all others—that every recruit to their peaceful army puts war farther away. They are indeed the Chosen Race, and the future is in their hands.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Ring Your Bell

A TALE comes from Tanganyika of an administrative officer who was cycling down a steep hill and found his passage barred at the bottom by a herd of elephants.

*He rang his bell and the elephants moved on.*

This indicates a high pitch of civilisation on the part of African elephants such as is not always found by cyclists in a flock of English sheep.

The story is related by an official of the Tanganyika Government in an article discussing whether it is possible to harmonise Big Game and the farmer's crops. If all elephants were as reasonable as this it ought to be.

## To a Writer

THERE are thousands of would-be authors who never succeed in getting into print.

Here is a suggestion for one of them. Why not write down curious things said in your hearing? They would make a very excellent article, against which it would be unlikely that every editor would harden his heart. Here are one or two actually heard by C.N. ears in September, 1929.

While watching the Schneider Trophy, a stout old lady staring at Waghorn's machine flashing in space: "Why he's simply *crawling*."

A man with a tray of chocolates tramping up the beach with averted head from Atcherley, who at that moment was in his machine tearing along the blue: "Here, have a look at me chocolates; *do!*"

A girl, complaining after some visits to American millionaire houses: "Very boring—so many parties! You see, I'm not in the least interested in other people!"

That is a good beginning, dear little scribbler on the way to Fame.

## Dear Foreign Child

Dedicated to the Children's League of Nations.

FOREIGN child across the sea

Will you have a friend in me? Though you bear another name, All our loves are just the same. Both of us love docks and roads, Ships and cranes with spicy loads, Airships gleaming in the blue, Tiny ships in bath-tubs too! Both have loved a furry beast, Pony, dog, or mouse at least; Both love games you play with balls,

Both would blush to wince at falls; Both like books of stories more Than a book of solemn lore; Both are glad when Spring returns And the yellow crocus burns; Both love ocean and the cool Minnow-haunted inland pool; Both praise God whose holy hands Made so fair our native lands And gave each so dear a mother: Why should we two hate each other?

Country Girl

## O Where, and O Where?

A KINDLY Frenchman has found tranquillity in England.

Where has he been, we wonder. Where is it that the policeman stops the motor-cyclist riding his pneumatic drill at 40 m.p.h.? Where is it that the portable gramophone on the river bank is silenced? Where is it that the motor-horn is not for ever sounding?

Where, O where, did our Frenchman find tranquillity?

## Remember Them

Ye that live on, mid England's pastures green, Remember us, and think what might have been!

## Tip-Cat

THE drapers have been discussing whether their fadeless fabrics should be fadeless. It seems a good idea.

MODERN poets do not, it is said, put enough fire into their verses. They would, perhaps, if they could insure them.

A BURNLEY student who cycled to London for an examination, sleeping under hedges, passed with honours. *And with honour.*

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If Mr. Hoover's motto is Faith, Hope, and Parity

things that make them happy are immaterial.

It seems that 12 millions have their hair permanently waved every few months.

AUSTRALIA has banned a talking film. We are not surprised; we have heard some.

We have travelled a long way since the 'nineties, observes a writer. Yet we only seem to have got back into the 'twenties.

## The Prayer at the Cenotaph

In remembrance of those who made the great sacrifice, keep us steadfast, keep us from falling back, and give peace in our time, O Lord.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

£1000 has been sent anonymously toward the building of a hospital at Cromer.

RUGBY police have stopped the exhibition of newspaper boards in the streets.

TWENTY acres of the Jamboree Park at Birkenhead have been made into a bird sanctuary.

## They Die Not

LONG years have passed by since you died

Who were so young and gay and brave.

Now all the winds of Heaven ride The upland green that is your grave.

No sound is of the host you knew.

Only the laden winds you hear Among the grass that bears the dew

On every slender emerald spear.

AND now the little children run Among the meadows where you lie;

Their golden life is just begun; So young, they know not youth can die.

THEY know not that the life they live,

With all its beauty, all its love, Is the great gift you died to give. So for the children may we prove

THAT you, our brave, died not in vain,

And may we, for the children's sake,

Remembering you and all your pain,

Again our thankful offering make.

AND for the children, those rich young

Inheritors of noble birth, Oh, may we speak in purer tongue; Your voice shall sound again on Earth.

LIKE you, our eyes no longer blind,

For them we point the way of peace,

That they who knew you not may find

Truth lives and Beauty does not cease.

OH, dead, you shall more live than when

You dared the trenches and the shell!

In you is Honour born again, Peace rose for Youth when your youth fell. Flora Sandström

## Gallant Three Hundred

Three hundred and sixty V.C.s have been invited to dine with the Prince of Wales tonight, and over three hundred will be there

KNIGHTS of the Table Round,

Long did your fame resound, Yet here are feasters found

Equal in glory. Three hundred muster here,

Gathered from far and near Everyone Arthur's peer,

Each with a story!

EACH on a splendid day

Flung thought of self away, Rushed where the danger lay

While the skies thundered; Each for a comrade's sake,

Set his own life at stake, Anguished, but would not break

Gallant three hundred!

O, THE brave company,

Heroes by land or sea Doers of deeds that we Wept at and wondered! Are not your comrades there, Spirits of Upper Air, Freed of all Earthly care— More than three hundred?



## A SAD MISTAKE ON TOWER HILL

### A MONUMENT AND A BLUNDER

**Spoiling the Beauty of a  
Gracious Colonnade**

### A CHANCE FOR THE UNDERGROUND

Those who have been on Tower Hill of late, especially those who happened to be there on any sunny day last summer, will know how great a change has been taking place on that spot of fateful memory.

We shall return to it again, for we wish to say something about the splendid new Toc H House that has been opened here. What we wish to say now is that Tower Hill is becoming a very beautiful place; it would be beautiful indeed if the Mazawattee Tea Company could be persuaded to pull down their existing ugly office and put up in place of it a house worthy of their great reputation.

### No Grave But the Sea

What will surprise and charm most people who have not seen Tower Hill of late is the exquisite memorial to the men of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets who gave their lives for us all in the war. Their names are there with the names of the ships in which they went down; there are 12,000 names in all, neatly arranged in panels and raised in bronze.

Above the names is the pathetic inscription in honour of those "who have no grave but the sea." They lie far away, these heroes, but here at least their names shall stand for ages to come, in sound of the tramp of London passing by, of the roar of the traffic of the great city, of the flowing past of the Thames beneath the ancient walls of the great White Tower.

### A Charming Memorial

We do not think there is a finer Peace Memorial in London. It is in the form of a colonnade, and the stones are covered with the panels bearing the names. It was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and it goes without saying, therefore, that nothing could be better. Very charming it looks, with the green lawn beside it, the trees across the street, and in the background the majestic building of the Port of London Authority.

But suddenly a horror seizes us, and hardly can we believe our eyes. We come near to look through the stately columns that enshrine such tenderness, and there, framed by the colonnade, is, not a tree silhouetted against the sky, not the Tower of All Hallows, but as commonplace a thing as there is in the City of London, a roof with a sprawling advertisement across it.

### A Prospect Ruined

All the sublimity of this place leaves us suddenly, the solemn thought of the beauty goes, we forget even those 12,000 merchantmen, as we wonder who did this thing. Are all these monuments just drawn up on paper, packed and delivered and set up in their places when ready, without a single thought of what is behind them and about them?

No words can suffice to indicate how wholly this memorial is ruined by the prospect through it, and so we give on this page a photograph to show our readers exactly what has happened in the setting up of this most gracious colonnade.

The photograph speaks for itself, and we feel perfectly sure that this thing has only to be seen to be ended.

## THE MISSING DIAMOND

WE have been reading a true and touching tale of three Italian servants and an American mistress.

The lady, living in Florence with her maids, Rosina, Annunziata, and Eliza, missed a diamond which had lain in her jewel box wrapped in tissue paper. One day she went to find it; and, lo, in the paper was only a coffee bean. The diamond had disappeared.

So the servants one day were dispatched into the town and sorrowfully and reluctantly the lady and her husband went to search their quarters. They liked them all—erratic Eliza, stalwart pretty Rosina, and Annunziata, loving little nurse to their baby son.

Eliza's room yielded nothing. Rosina's chest of drawers was full of strong linen sheets and blankets, for Rosina was pre-

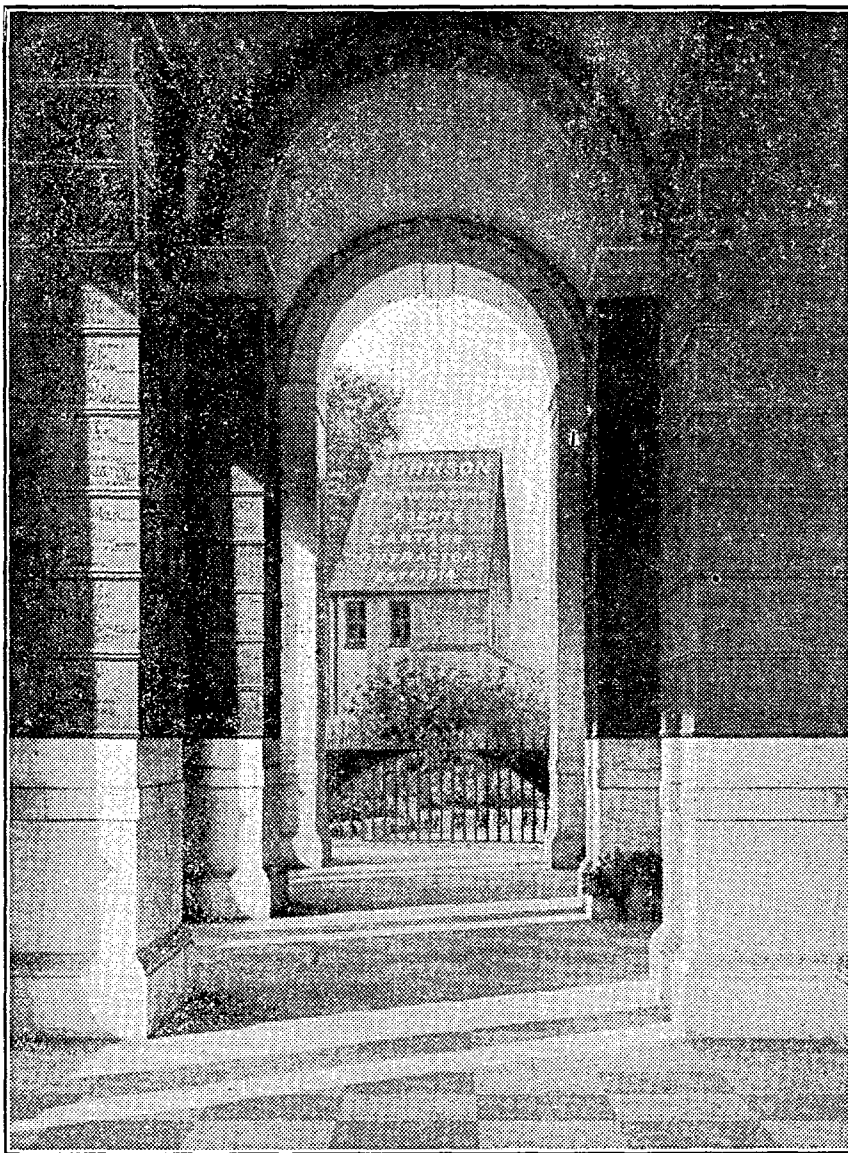
paring her trousseau. In Annunziata's bureau was the white dress she had worn at her first Communion, and among her clothing was hidden an old cigar box, in which, rolled up in the corner lay a small (a very small) something wrapped in tissue paper.

So Annunziata was the thief!

Alas! How the gracious lady suffered as she began to unfold the tiny packet. The child had been such a dear little maid. Suddenly there was a gleam of reddish gold. The parcel simply contained a lock of the baby's hair.

And thus it happened that when the three maids came home that night there was somebody waiting up for them, and unusually warm and cheerful words of welcome. The diamond fades out of the picture; we hear no more of that.

## WHAT WILL SIR EDWIN LUTYENS SAY?



One of the most beautiful memorials set up by the War Graves Commission, perhaps the most beautiful of all the memorials in London, is the colonnade designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens and erected this year to the 12,000 Merchant Navy men. It is pitiful to discover that by some apparent oversight this is what we see through it.

Continued from the previous column

The matter rests, most fortunately, with a body of great public spirit, the Underground Railways. This ugly roof is part of the property of Mark Lane Station, and we are confident that it will not be difficult to find some way of repairing what can only be called a pitiful blunder. We must believe that if this thing had been seen in time either the colonnade would have had another aspect, or some arrangement would have been made with the Underground Railways to save the memorial of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets from this dire fate.

As it is, we appeal with confidence to Lord Ashfield and the Directors of the Underground Railways to reconstruct this roof and set up in its place something in keeping with the spirit of beauty and tranquillity and reverence enshrined in this memorial.

### A GREEN COAT FOR A BRIDGE

A three-years paint job, involving the use of 7800 gallons of paint and the covering of 210 acres of steel, has just been completed on the Quebec Bridge of the Canadian National Railways spanning the St. Lawrence.

The work has been carried out by 35 men with spray guns working on girders 300 feet above the surface of the water. A boatman remained in attendance under the bridge throughout the work to pick up any workman who might fall into the river.

The Quebec Bridge is the largest of its type in the world, and in its new coat of brilliant green is one of the most striking sights of the whole St. Lawrence route. Its central span of 1800 feet is 90 feet longer than the Forth Bridge span, and is the longest unsupported span in existence. Its coat of paint cost about £7500.

## THE MAN NOBODY OWNS

### A WANDERER ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

**Alive in Morocco but Invisible  
to Official Eyes**

### A HUMAN DOCUMENT

A man is wandering forlornly about the streets of Tangier whose case is like that of Mahomet's coffin, which hung suspended between Earth and Heaven.

Before he was landed against his will in Morocco he had an existence; now he has a story, but in the eyes of the law no existence.

His story began as a stowaway on the steamship Mandala. But he had not stowed himself away out of any wish for a sea trip. He had been accidentally carried to sea from Marseilles while he was working on board. How he got to Marseilles from Aden (where he exists) the story does not tell. But after taking him to sea the Mandala had no use for him, and when the ship touched at Tangier she landed him there and steamed away.

### No Means of Support

The native of Aden had the clothes he stood up in and nothing else, and certainly no passport. Being without any visible means of support, he was first taken to the police station, because when a man is landed in this way it is supposed that he has done something wrong to deserve it. But as the Mandala had said no word about that the police could do nothing with him.

The Police Commissioner was the first official not to want him. The second was the British Consul, to whom the unknown was sent because he had been landed from a British ship. The British Consulate, finding that he had no papers to show that he had come from Aden, as he said, briskly ordered him to be returned to the ship.

But the ship had gone, so the British Consulate washed its hands of him. All it could do was to make inquiries, which it has been doing ever since.

### A Starving Beggar

The police would not lock him up, and so the man from Aden starved. After he had been begging his way about Tangier for nine days some of his fellow Mohammedans found him, and lifted him out of the gutter. Then his case got into the Tangier newspaper, and the British residents of Tangier, gave him help out of a charitable fund.

That was the best they could do. Work could not be found for him because he was ill, and nobody could send him back home to Aden because his way was barred by red tape.

None of the authorities or the representatives of the European Powers can give him a passport and without a passport he cannot leave Tangier. Even if he were stowed away again he could not be landed at any port—except Aden. The Government at Aden, which is the only one that seems to regard him as a human being, has telegraphed to say it will take him in, but they cannot receive him till he gets to Aden, and no ship goes there from Tangier.

### The Only Way

Thus the man who was born at Aden remains at Tangier, a being invisible to the official eye. Telegrams have been lavished on him. Consuls General, Colonial and Protectorate Governments, Controllers, Chambers of Commerce, Shipping Agents, and Editors have all written about him. They have inscribed their signatures on this human document, and that is all they can do for him. In a way he is the most important body in Tangier. In another way he is nobody at all. The only solution would seem to be for some private airship to carry him away when nobody was looking at this invisible man.



## WORLD'S BIGGEST AEROPLANE

### A RAILWAY INSIDE ITS WINGS

#### Carrying a Crowd of People to the Clouds

#### GREATEST WONDER YET

In 1908 Wilbur Wright, the first man to fly in a heavier-than-air machine, said to the Editor of the C.N. that he did not think the aeroplane would ever carry more than one or two people.

Ten years later the Editor was one of 41 people who flew in a Handley Page aeroplane over London.

Recently the German flying-boat Do.X (stupid name) has flown for nearly an hour with 169 people on board. Never before had so many people been carried in any vehicle in mid-air.

The Do.X was designed by Dr. Dornier, the famous German aircraft builder, and was constructed at Altenrhein on Lake Constance. She is 137 feet long, has a wing span of 150 feet, and is driven by twelve British-designed Jupiter engines, each of 525 horse-power.

#### A Wonderful Machine

When the huge vessel took off from the lake at Altenrhein, with her crew of ten and 159 passengers, her total weight was 52 tons, yet after a run across the water of less than one minute she was in the air, eventually climbing to 600 feet and travelling at a speed of 105 miles an hour. After a flight lasting fifty minutes the Do.X came easily to the surface of the lake again.

The pictures on page 9 give an excellent idea of this wonderful machine. She is a ship designed to take to the air rather than an aeroplane adapted to operate from water. There are three decks, and the captain's bridge is on the upper one. In the forward compartment sit two pilots at dual controls. Immediately behind this compartment is the navigating cabin, from which orders are given to the pilots and other members of the crew by the ship's officers. Next comes the engine control room. Behind this is the wireless room, and then comes the mail room.

#### The Little Railway

The passengers' quarters are on the main deck below. In the bow of the vessel are the crew's quarters; next come a baggage room and the forward saloon, then the dining saloon, another saloon, followed by the two-berth sleeping cabins. Next comes the cook's galley, and right aft are the lavatories.

The lowest deck consists of, from the front, an anchor compartment and spare holds divided by watertight bulkheads, then a large fuel tank, which is separated from two other fuel tanks by a transverse gangway. At the end of the ship are watertight compartments and the gear of the water rudder.

Inside the wings is a little railway on which trolleys run. Lying full length on a trolley an engineer can work his way along to any of the six engine turrets. Here, standing up, he can give any attention necessary to the engines. Each turret contains two engines.

#### Ahead of Her Time

Of course for long journeys the extra fuel necessary would mean fewer passengers to be carried, but by taking 169 people for a flight of nearly an hour the Do.X may claim to be a success. In fact, she is probably a few years ahead of her time, for commercial aviation has not yet reached the stage when she could be operated as a paying proposition.

It is possible that later an attempt will be made to fly the machine to America, and there seems no reason why the flight should not be a success. Such a machine, which is quite seaworthy in case of a forced descent, is just the type likely to make the regular transatlantic air service an accomplished fact.

## UMBRELLAS

### Where They Are Safe

#### SUPPORT OF THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE

It is the man with the umbrella who keeps the Lost Property Office open. Perhaps we should say the man without the umbrella.

He has lost it. He always will lose it so long as there are umbrellas. It is one of the singular things about umbrellas that, though they are always being lost, they are never found, except at the Lost Property Office.

An illustrative tale of how readily the umbrella is lost comes from one of the lost property offices. A man came in to identify a scarf he had lost. The scarf was returned to him, and he went away with it, leaving his gloves on the counter. He recollected and came back for them. When he had again departed the lost property office found that he had forgotten his umbrella.

#### Changing Fashions

He may have come back for it, but we doubt it. The lost umbrella is such a common experience that he may have simply resigned himself to the loss. It is said that everybody has lost at least one umbrella, though as far as we are concerned we have never owned one.

As the changing years go by different kinds of articles drifting into the lost property offices mark the changing fashions. Once it was Gladstone bags, feather boas, ladies' muffs. These have all joined the great departed. Their place today is taken by attaché cases, portable wireless sets, and office files. But the umbrella always keeps its place: in the lost property office. There alone it is safe.

Since the war more young people have gone about without umbrellas and their habit may bring down the numbers of the Legion of the Lost. But there is yet another kind of missing umbrella. It is celebrated in some verses written by an Oxford poet.

The rain it raineth every day  
On the just and unjust fella,  
But not so much on the unjust  
Who has stolen the just's umbrella.

#### GET IN ANYWHERE

##### An Indian Railway Problem

Indian railways suffer even more than some nearer home from the get-in-anywhere passengers.

In England they are chiefly to be found in first-class carriages with third-class tickets. In India last year 2,500,000 passengers were detected travelling without any tickets at all!

The agent of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway, who mentioned this fact at a railway conference, said the railways had done everything possible to stop the practice, but they could not hope for much relief till travelling without a ticket was made a penal offence.

In England we have got as far as that, but there are still many who think there is no harm in defrauding a railway.

#### A LITTLE LESS NOISE, PLEASE

##### The New Law at Work

The new law for dealing with the noisy people is making satisfactory progress.

At Coventry convictions have been secured in the case of a motor-lorry driver whose lorry had noisy wheels, a lorry man and driver whose lorry had noisy side-boards, and two drivers of lorries with rattling milk churns.

At East Ham a motor-van driver was fined for having a van with a rattling radiator bonnet, a swinging tail-board, and loose wings.

## EVIL IS WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT

### Two Chapters From Life

Here are two experiences of a minister in a Midland town that are worth thinking over by careless folk of all ages.

The minister received a letter from an inmate of a hospital, appealing to him, though he was an entire stranger, to pay her a call.

He went on the next day when the hospital was open—a Sunday. Entering a ward, he saw every bed except one surrounded by visiting friends. So, with the pencilled note of invitation in his hand, he crossed to the unvisited bed and asked its occupant, "Was it you who sent me this letter?"

#### A Stupid Practical Joke

The patient was a bright, intelligent, young woman. "Yes," she said. "I thought you would come. I hoped you would not mind; I am so lonely."

Then she went on to explain that she was from the country. Her parents could not come to see her on Sunday, the only visiting day. She had been ill in hospitals for eighteen years. And then she continued: "It all happened so simply. We were at a party, a jolly young people's affair, at our church. As we were sitting down one of my companions pulled my chair away and I fell on the floor, injuring my spine. It was done in fun. But to me the sequel has not been funny. Oh, if young people could only be urged to be more thoughtful! At any rate, my life—"

#### The Heedless Fruit-Eater

The same minister called at a magistrate's house. The conversation turned on litter in parks and streets. The magistrate spoke of it with an almost angry warmth, and went on to say that whoever threw banana skins and orange peel on the pavement should be severely punished.

Then he added: "My wife, one of God's best women, is upstairs in bed. She has been an invalid for years. She had to have a leg amputated as the result of a fall in the street. She slipped through treading on some orange peel one wet day. Oh, the wickedness of it!"

Is it not strange that repeated warnings do not seem to bring some people to give a moment's thought to others?

#### DENMARK DISARMING

##### Giving a Lead to Europe

Denmark persists in her determination to give a lead to Europe in Disarmament.

Recently the Government disarmament policy was confirmed at a General Election, and now the necessary Bills are before the Folketing. Denmark believes that in any case she would have no chance against her big European neighbours if they chose to attack her, so she is going to put her faith in their pledged word and assume that they meant what they said when they signed the Paris Peace Pact and the Covenant of the League.

#### EXPLOSIVE SOAP

A fortunate discovery by the United States Bureau of Mines may be the means of preventing a serious accident.

It has been discovered that soap dust when mixed with air in certain proportions is more explosive than the dust of coal mines. The result of the discovery is that steps will be taken for the proper ventilation of factories where soap powder is made.

## JACK THE CHIMPANZEE

### Playing With Mirrors

#### CRUELTY AND CARELESSNESS OF VISITORS TO THE ZOO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

It is difficult to imagine that anyone would go to the Zoo with the deliberate intention of being unkind to the animals, but thoughtlessness can sometimes be terrible in its consequences.

Not long ago an otter was found dead in his pond; he had been killed by an injury to the brain caused by the sharp point of a stick. Yet the visitor who poked him was probably merely trying to attract the animal's attention, forgetting the ferrule on the stick.

And similarly it never occurs to thoughtless visitors that penknives and mirrors are dangerous toys. Cut arteries and septic wounds are common among the exhibits, and frequently these complaints are serious, as in the case of Jack the chimpanzee.

#### A Trying Ordeal

Jack is just now slowly recovering from an abscess in the leg, due perhaps to a tiny piece of glass which worked its way through his skin. The first sign of Jack's trouble was a highly-inflamed foot and leg.

The trouble was an abscess near the bone; poor Jack had to be sent to hospital to have his leg lanced.

This was an ordeal for the ape. When he was taken into the operating room he decided that he would prefer to wait until the abscess burst, so he smashed the chloroforming box with one blow from his fist and bolted for the door. He was restrained with difficulty and, another box having been procured, he was chloroformed; but, although Jack then seemed to be sleeping peacefully, just as the operation was about to be started he came round and tried to attack the surgeon. A second attempt ended in the same way, but the third time all went well; there is now every hope that he will soon be well again.

#### Dangerous Mirrors

Poor Jack is by no means the only animal in the menagerie that has had to pay the penalty for playing with mirrors. Yet all these troubles could be avoided if only visitors would treat the animals as if they were small and helpless human children. No one gives mirrors or penknives to babies, and it should be remembered that most animals are equally ignorant of the dangers of these things used as toys.

During the busy summer months many Zoo tempers are ruined because it has amused a small section of the public to see animals in a temper. These teasers are cowardly as well as cruel, for they themselves are well protected by the bars.

#### CROWDED PRISONS

##### President Hoover and a Great Evil

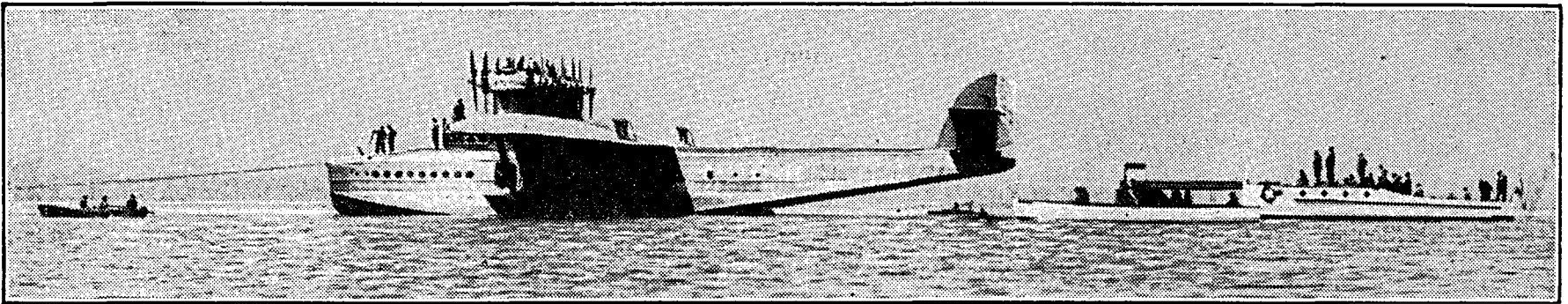
The last few months have seen four serious outbreaks of disorder in American prisons, due, it is said, to terrible overcrowding. The evil has been well known for a long time, but nothing has been done.

President Hoover is determined to improve things, however, and he is asking Congress for a million pounds to enlarge all the existing national prisons and build at least one new one. Unfortunately, he can only deal with the national prisons; the prisons belonging to the States in the Union are beyond the control of Congress.

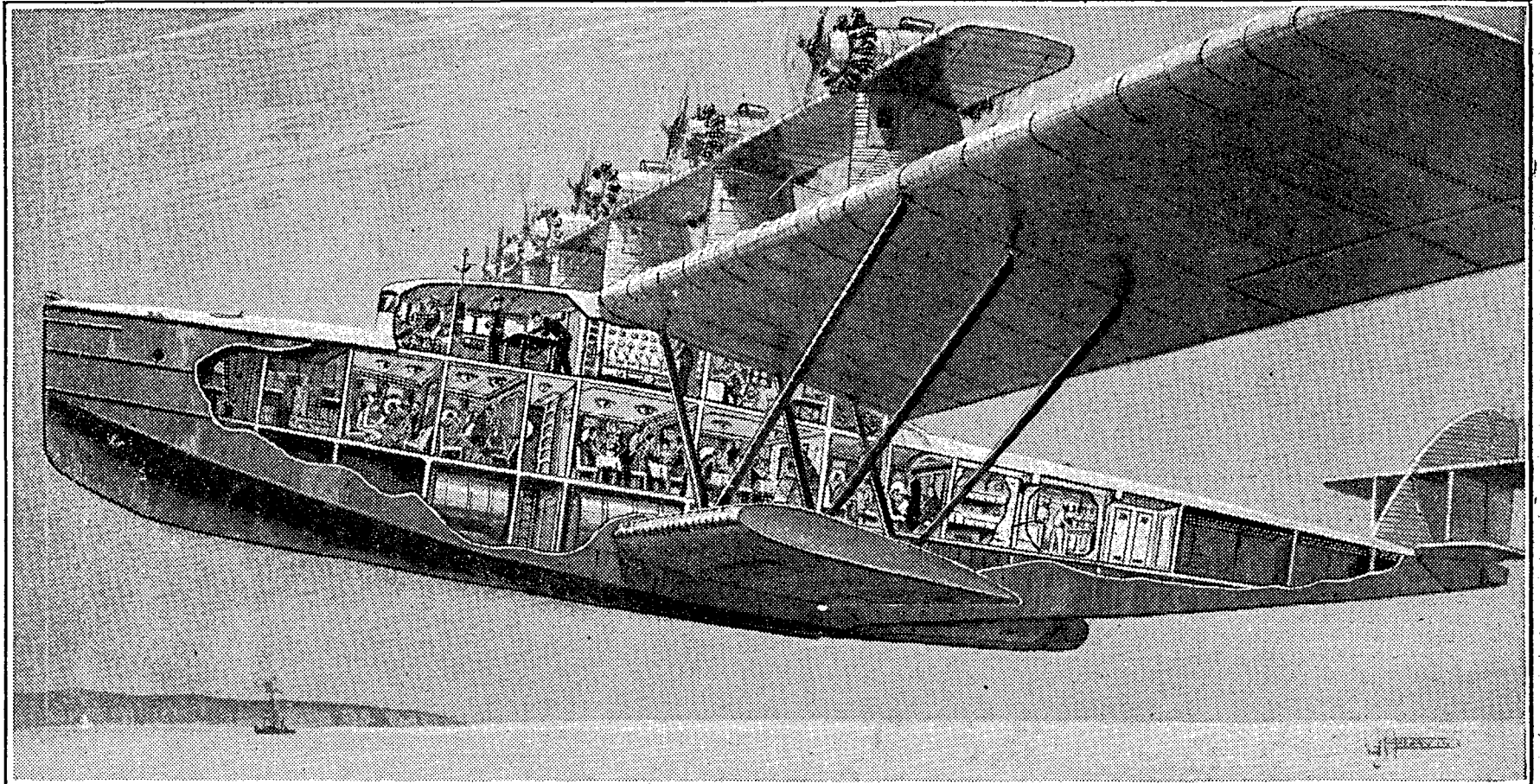
The overcrowding is due to the great increase in crime; one prisoner in every three is there for dealing in dangerous drugs and about half as many have broken the Prohibition law.



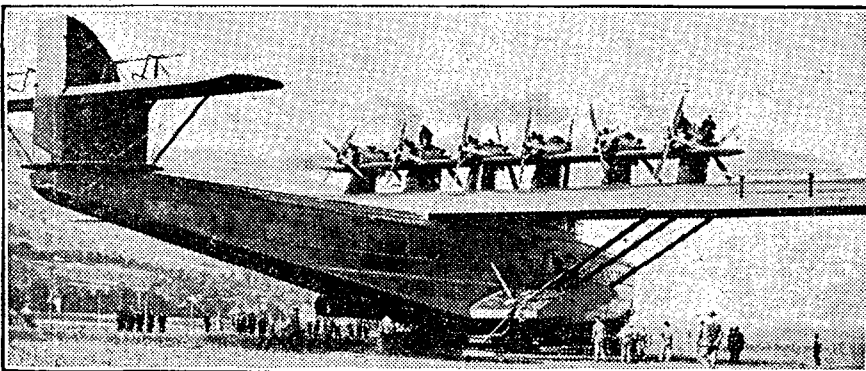
# THE MARVELLOUS SHIP THAT TOOK A CROWD TO THE CLOUDS



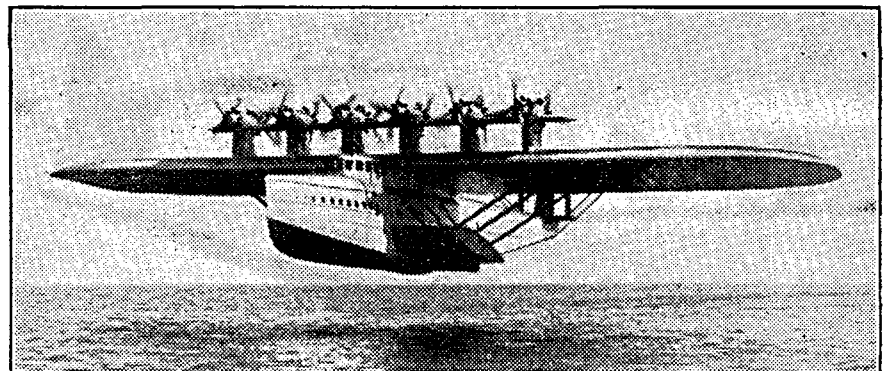
The Dornier Do.X afloat on Lake Constance. The other vessels give an idea of its immense size.



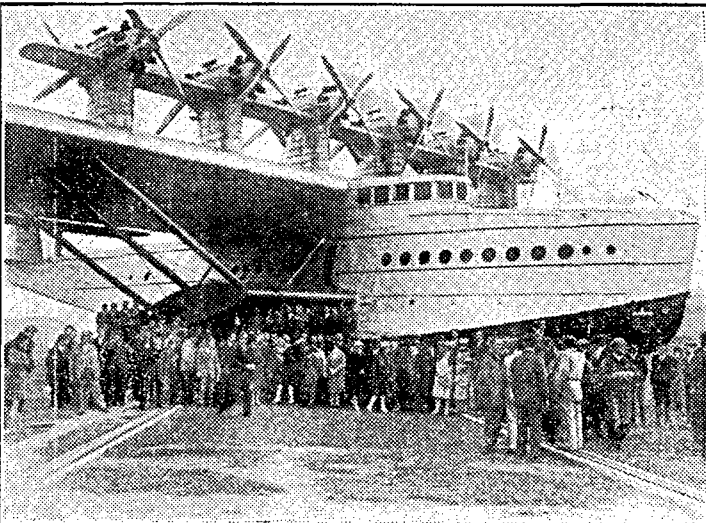
The C.N. artist's drawing showing the interior of the world's largest flying-boat



Out of its element—the giant flying-boat on land



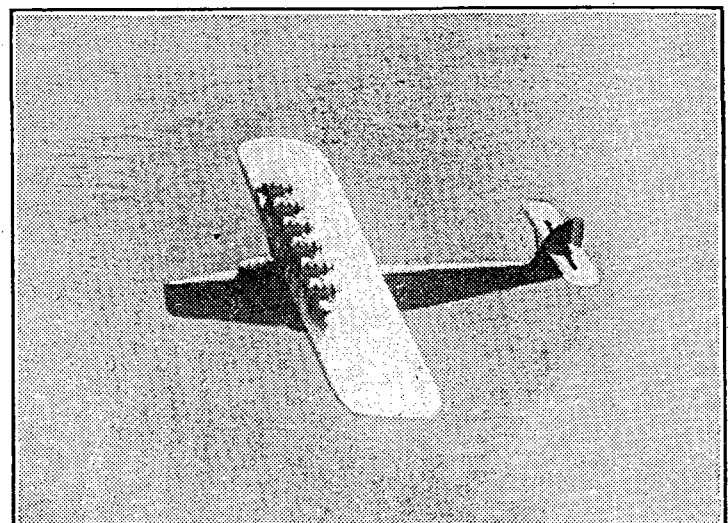
Do.X returning from its historic flight



Some of the passengers waiting to go on board



The main deck corridor



Looking down on the Do.X in flight

Twenty-one years ago Wilbur Wright, the man who gave us the aeroplane, expressed the opinion that not more than one or two people would be carried by a heavier-than-air machine. Now 169 people have been carried by the Dornier Do.X, the huge flying-boat seen in the pictures above. The drawing which shows the interior of the vessel will help us to realise the remarkable accommodation for passengers in this liner of the sea and air. See page 8.



## FAIR PLAY UNDER THE FLAG

### TWO IDEAS IN KENYA

Position of the Natives Under a Federal Scheme

### SUPREME FACTOR IN EAST AFRICA

Which is to be the supreme factor in East Africa, the interest of the native or the interest of the European settler? That is a question which has been in dispute between Nairobi (the capital of Kenya) and Whitehall under various disguises for many years now.

Six years ago the Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Devonshire, made this solemn declaration:

"Kenya is an African territory, and His Majesty's Government think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be supreme, and that if and when those interests and the interests of the immigrant races (the Europeans and the Indians) should conflict the interests of the natives should prevail."

### The Proposed Federation

In order that His Majesty's Government may make sure that the interests of the natives shall prevail it has steadily refused to give the settlers a majority in the Kenya Legislature, and has kept the majority in the hands of the Governor through other members nominated by him, the Governor being in his turn directly responsible to Whitehall.

But now there is a project for linking up Kenya with Uganda and Tanganyika, and perhaps Nyasaland and even Northern Rhodesia, in an East African Federation under a High Commissioner. There is general agreement that railways, harbours, posts and telegraphs, and that sort of thing might usefully be worked under such an authority, and it has been proposed by a Commission under Sir Hilton Young that the care of the natives in all these territories might also be transferred to the High Commissioner. If that were done, it is suggested, the settlers might be given more power in the Kenya Legislature over the matters remaining under its charge.

### Angry Settlers

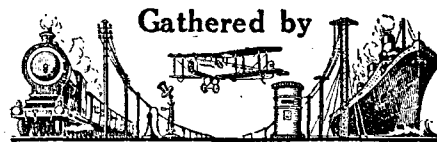
But what the settlers want is greater power of control over the natives themselves, and they are very angry at the proposal to hand the power over to a High Commissioner with the suggestion that they are not to be trusted to do justice to the natives themselves. To meet this outcry the late Government sent out Sir Samuel Wilson, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, to try to make peace.

Sir Samuel Wilson reports that the settlers are willing to accept the greater power offered them on the local Legislature, recognising that the absolute majority they used to demand is not to be obtained, but that they demand that native affairs shall remain under its charge and also that they shall have a voice on the council of the new High Commissioner as well, which would mean that he would be responsible to that council instead of to Whitehall.

### British Responsibility

It is not likely that the new British Government will agree to anything of the sort. To begin with, Tanganyika is a mandated territory entrusted to the British Government by the League of Nations for the benefit of the natives, and the British Government cannot hand over its responsibility. And it cannot do so in regard to Kenya and the other colonies either. After all, the chief interest of the settlers is to get cheap labour for their farms, and the Government must see fair play between employer and employed and preserve the native's right to live his own life under impartial British law.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



There are now over 150 private aeroplane owners in Great Britain.

The number of cars in Great Britain has nearly doubled in six years.

The British telegraph service has lost £22,000,000 since the beginning of the war.

Mrs. O. M. Courage has given a meadow as a playing-field for the children of Ifield, Sussex.

About 700 acres of forest trees are cut down for one issue of the Sunday edition of one New York paper.

Football is growing rapidly in Germany, where about 24,000 teams last season played half a million games.

### Elephant on the Beach

A dead elephant has been washed up on the beach at Aberavon.

### Women Senators

The Privy Council has decided that women may sit in the Canadian Senate.

### The Stag and the Car

A stag springing out of a wood in Thuringia, Germany, charged a car and threw it over, one passenger being killed.

### Sir Valentine Chirol

Journalism has suffered a great loss by the death of Sir Valentine Chirol, the well-known authority on foreign affairs.

### Braille Centenary

The South African town of Worcester has sent £55 to the National Institute for the Blind for the Braille Centenary appeal.

### Charles Stuart's Mantle

London Museum has received a gift of two pieces of silk brocade from the mantle Charles Stuart wore on the way to his execution.

### 500 Sovereigns

A German Boy Scout at Sydney has found 500 sovereigns in a bottle, believed to have been buried for safety at the beginning of the war.

### A Wonderful October

Joy Hibbert, aged 8, writes from Chalfont St Giles that "raspberries are ripe on the canes in the garden," and peaches were ripe out-of-doors on October 17.

### Nottingham's Grand Young Man

Our old friend Alderman Robert Mellors, of Nottingham, who is 92 or 93, has unveiled a memorial tablet on the birthplace of the famous artist Richard Parkes Bonington, in Arnold, Notts.

## FIRST ALL-ELECTRIC BRITISH LINE

### The Southern Looks Ahead

In these difficult days for railways the brave old Brighton line is making a bid for the future passenger that ought to electrify him.

A beginning is to be made by electrifying the most popular lengths of the route served by this and other branches of the Southern Railway. Electric trains are to run the whole way from London to Brighton. It is a fifty-mile stretch, of which the fourteen miles to Purley are already electrified. When all is completed this will be much the longest electrified route in England.

The line from Redhill to Guildford, by way of Reigate, is also to be electrified, and that which goes from Waterloo to Guildford by way of Cobham is already running electric trains. But the real pride of the Brighton line will be in the stretch to Brighton, for when that is finished, in two to three years time, this will be the first British main line completely equipped for the purposes of electric traction.

The work is part of the scheme for helping the unemployed, the Government having relieved the railways of certain taxation on condition the money was spent in work that would otherwise not be done.

## RACE DAY

### HONOURING A NATION'S HEROES

The Thirteen Men Who Died That Hungary Might be Free

### WREATHS OF MEMORY

Hungary has in the last few years greatly developed an interesting plan for honouring her national heroes.

Those heroes are men who, some eighty years ago, gave their lives to win independence for their country. The Hungarians now call them martyrs.

In 1848, under the leadership of Kossuth, Hungary rose in rebellion against Austria. By the help of autocratic Russia Austria suppressed the rebellion in 1849, and the revolutionary generals who finally surrendered were tried by court-martial and executed.

### A Day of Mourning

The first to die were thirteen of the most popular national heroes. They were executed in the fortress of the Hungarian town of Arad on October 6, 1849. That day has ever since been kept as a day of national mourning.

They did not die in vain, for Hungary, instead of being subject to Austria, became a Dual-State with Austria, the Austrian Emperor being her king. Still, Hungarian feeling was not satisfied to be without a monument to the memory of the men who had died that Hungary might be free, and a monument was erected in Budapest. But now that Hungary is entirely independent the memory of the men martyred for freedom has had a strong revival.

The commemoration of the Thirteen Martyrs of Arad on every sixth of October takes the form of a Relay Race by all the athletic and sports clubs over two or three miles through the main streets of Budapest, the object of the race being to place wreaths on the Martyrs Memorial. For about an hour the traffic of the central part of the city is stopped and its bustle ceases; Hungary is honouring its noble dead.

### The Winner's Reward

This year 87 teams competed in the race. They covered a wide range of life, representing athletic clubs, schools, football teams, army regiments, and workmen's unions such as tram conductors and railwaymen. The teams do not run to win some trophy. The winner's reward is to be the first to lay a wreath on the memorial. The last runner in each team carries a small wreath, and hopes that his wreath may be the first.

This commemoration by relay racing is popular throughout Hungary. This year the cyclists of the city of Szeged, 120 miles from Budapest, organised a relay run to the memorial of the Thirteen of Arad in the capital.

## HOW SYDNEY GOT RID OF THE LITTER LOU

A traveller home from Australia sends to The Times these notes on how Sydney made itself a proud and tidy city.

I arrived in Sydney in December, 1928, to find, as in London, omnibus and tramway tickets, newspapers, and other debris littering the streets.

In March the Civic Commissioners decided that Sydney must be made a tidy city. Baskets or receptacles were placed at all tramway and omnibus stops and at strategic points in the streets. The citizens of Sydney were informed that on and after a certain date anyone found depositing litter, even a tramway ticket, save in the receptacles provided by the city authorities, would be fined, and citizens were given one week to accustom themselves to the change.

The result was most successful, and Sydney, in practically the twinkling of an eye, became a tidy city.

## GOLD FOUND IN SWEETS

### AMBER IN THE MAKING

A Romantic Story Traced to Its Source

### WHAT OLD MARTIAL KNEW

In the old days our doctors used to give their rich patients gold, powdered diamonds, and the dust of mummies for their ailments. It has come to light that some people may now be eating gold unawares with their sweetmeats.

The Colonial Office tells us that gum sent from Somaliland for use by English confectioners has been found to contain gold. But gold does not grow on trees, whatever ingenious company promoters may tell prospective clients, and it is clear that the gum, on issuing from the tree, must have come in contact with gold lying on the ground. Obviously the trees yielding the gum might be growing in a goldfield.

### Golden Gum

The gum was traced to its source in Somaliland, and there scientists have been busily prospecting, with the result that various quartz reefs and veinlets were found distinctly promising as possible yielders of gold. Now all the surrounding country with its untapped foothills is to be explored by men who know gold in the rough rock when they see it.

It is very romantic, and like some story that we have all read in childhood; but there is another aspect which the Colonial Office would not bother to consider. This gum with its golden alloy is simply amber in the making. Give it millions of years and a soft clayey bed to fall on or a tumbling sea to roll in and it would be the amber of the future. All the genuine amber we use today is simply gum which has changed from vegetable to mineral nature.

### Negative Electricity

Amber is the gummy secretion of trees shed in those far-away days when ferns and great mosses and mare's tails were being overthrown in their native steaming forests, drowned, buried, and, under the twin forces and time and pressure, converted into coal. The gums hardened and hardened into a mineral which becomes highly charged with negative electricity.

As we all know, it is capable of attracting light bodies to itself when warmed. The Greeks first observed the wonder of electricity in amber. They called the substance elektron, and we have taken our word electricity from the name they bestowed upon the electrical body first noted.

There is often a little volume of unwritten history in a piece of amber. Apparently nobody has ever before thought of searching the substance for gold, but without search the eye perceives in the ancient mineral ants, little flies, and various other insects, as well as leaves or parts of leaves and twigs of growths which are no longer to be found growing on the Earth.

### Imprisoned in Beauty

The shining drop from a tree which no man ever saw imprisons an insect such as no longer exists. Such a piece of amber is to the insect what the nacre of the oyster is to the parasite which it converts into a pearl. Both are imprisoned for ever in relentless beauty.

It did not fall to this generation to discover the meaning of insects in amber. The Greeks thought the substance to be tears shed by trees into which a deity had been transformed, but old Martial, the Roman poet, nearly 19 centuries ago knew the secret when he wrote:

A drop of amber from the weeping plant  
Fell unexpected and embalmed an ant;  
The little insect we so much condemn  
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem.

Still, he did think that the tree had actually shed an imprisoned god's tears.



## EARTH IN A STREAM OF METEORS

### THE LEONIDS

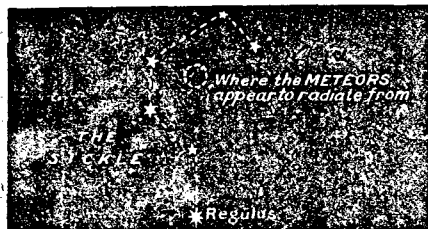
Fragments of a Comet Cause  
a Brilliant Display

### SHOOTING STARS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Earth will cross the path of the Leonid Meteor Stream some time between Wednesday and Friday of next week, so on these three nights it is possible that some of these cometary fragments from beyond the orbit of the planet Uranus may be seen to enter the Earth's atmosphere and flash across the sky as so-called "shooting stars."

They are not likely to be seen much before midnight, when the constellation of Leo, from which the meteors appear to radiate, is low in the north-east sky. The "radiant point," as it is called, is a small area within the group of stars known popularly as the Sickle of Leo, its position being indicated on the accompanying star-map. Regulus, a first-magnitude star, and the brightest in that part of the sky at that time of



Where to look for the Leonid meteors

night, is at the bottom of the sickle handle and nearest the horizon.

The Leonids are not likely to appear in such numbers as the Perseid meteors in August last, when 120 an hour were seen between the hours of 2 and 4 in the morning. Last November offered a better opportunity for seeing the Leonids because no Moon was present throughout the night. Then as many as a hundred meteors were counted at the Yerkes Observatory between 12.23 and 5.15 in the morning, 40 being seen in the last fifteen minutes before dawn.

At another American observatory, very favourably placed, 205 Leonid meteors were recorded during five hours on the night of November 14; other observers were well rewarded on the same night where conditions were clear and favourable, but not so well on the other nights.

Some of the meteors were very brilliant, equalling fireballs, many of first magnitude; while one was reported to have shed as much light as the crescent Moon, leaving a trail lasting 12 minutes.

### The Moon as a Spoil-Sport

This year the Moon will be present throughout the night, and she is a spoil-sport when a meteor display is anticipated. The early morning hours will offer the best opportunity for observers because not only will the Moon be near setting (she sets at 5 o'clock on the 14th), but Britain will be in the front of the Earth and will meet the approaching meteors head-on, as it were.

But it must be understood that much depends on whether we are on the night portion of our planet when it traverses the dense part of the meteor stream. Last year the Western States of America were so favoured.

Each succeeding November should reward us with a finer display until the years 1932, 1933, or 1934; in these there will be just the possibility of witnessing a magnificent spectacle such as occurred on the night of November 12, 1833, when numbers estimated to amount to 200,000 an hour illuminated the sky and it rained Leonid meteors. G. F. M.

## THE STORY OF THE OLD VIC

### Why Miss Cons Founded It

When the great new Charing Cross Bridge comes the little Old Vic must go. But the little lady who founded it in 1880, Miss Emma Cons, will not go.

As long as there is an Old Vic, even though it is moved to another place, the memory of Miss Cons will go with it. It might even outlast the memorial to her, the portrait in bronze by Sir William Goscombe John, which has been placed in the vestibule.

That is not all the memorial. There is a tablet on the outside wall and there are to be shelters for the queues which wait at the doors of pit and gallery.

These would have pleased Miss Cons more than anything else, for she always had a tender heart. The reason why she founded the Old Vic was that she wanted to do the best she could for the poor people of Lambeth.

When she went to live among them there was a low music-hall called the Victoria Tavern which was responsible for much misery and degradation. She bought it and ultimately it was turned into the Old Vic, a place of light and leading, and as fine a memorial as this good and gentle lady could have had.

## CROMWELL'S DOCTORS

### Another Old Story

Following on the story we gave last week of Cromwell's Royalist doctor, a reader has discovered this further story in a hundred-year-old book on London.

In the belfry-chancel of a church at Kingston-on-Thames is a monument to the memory of Dr. George Bate, who died in 1668; and of his wife Elizabeth, who died in 1667 of a consumption which was hastened by the fire of London.

Dr. Bate was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society and very eminent in his profession. He was principal physician to Charles the First, to Oliver Cromwell, to his son Richard, and to Charles the Second, having the art of ingratiating himself with all parties. Cromwell held him in high esteem, though he had written in defence of King Charles, and he sent for him into Scotland when he lay ill there in 1651. He is said to have recommended himself to the royal party after the Restoration by a report industriously spread that he had given Cromwell a dose which hastened his end; but this story seems to be on a slender foundation.

## AN AIRSHIP WORTH

### A NAME

### A Title for R 101

When R 101 sailed past our office windows in John Carpenter Street with only a number painted on it, like any taxicab, the C.N. could not help recalling a plea made in these columns last January that our great airships should be given a name.

No poet will ever write about such great ships, said the C.N., while they had only a number. If we have faith in airships we should name them.

The C.N. is glad to see that this plea has penetrated the mind of the Air Ministry, which is now cudgelling its brains to find a name suitable for R 101.

The C.N. suggested King Alfred or Excalibur. Australia called her first big plane The Spirit of Australia. One of Punch's bright young men (Mr. A. P. Herbert) offers a number of names for the Air Ministry's consideration of which perhaps the Wingless Victory is the best.

Or it might be called simply Britannia, after the King's famous old yacht. But, whatever name is chosen, the C.N. will be glad to see it called something.

## HOW PEACE GOES ROUND THE WORLD

### TWO SOWERS OF THE SEED

Knights of Goodwill on the  
Banks of the Rhine

### A MEETING IN CHURCH

How often have we seen that good comes out of evil! Here is a case in point, which is bound to have far-reaching results in the realm of world peace.

The French occupation of German territory has caused a great deal of ill-feeling between the two races, and yet this very occupation has given rise to an interesting movement among the German and French ex-soldiers, some of whom have banded themselves together in a League called the Knights of the Peace. The aim of the Knights is to try to create a better understanding between their two countries and never to fight each other again. The founders of this movement are a French officer and a German pastor. The movement began in sacred surroundings and is very earnest and hopeful.

### A Memorable Communion

It happened that the young French officer one Sunday could not attend a Protestant service in his own language as the chaplain could not come. He decided, however, to go to the local German church. There seemed no reason why he should not go. After all, these Germans were Protestants like himself. His presence in uniform in the German church was a source of great curiosity and interest to the worshippers. They had never seen a French officer taking part in their Sunday services. But he was entering fully into the spirit of the service, singing their hymns, joining in their prayers.

It was Communion Sunday. The invitation to the Lord's Table was extended to all who were present, and the Frenchman stayed on. When the time came he was the last to go up, and to his surprise he found, standing by his side, the Burgomaster of the town, with whom the French military authorities had had serious differences of opinion. These two men looked at each other. They represented two opposing forces, and yet they were at the sacred Table.

### The Futility of War

Both were moved with deep emotion, and there, in the presence of the large congregation in front of the Communion Table, these two shook hands. It was the beginning of close friendship.

The relationship between the German and the French authorities changed for the better, but the French Army people did not like the changing attitude of their officer, who began to speak openly about the futility of war and the folly of keeping nations apart. Why should Christian people fight each other? Resigning his commission, he joined hands with a young German pastor, and these two are now going about preaching Peace and Goodwill among ex-soldiers. Who can tell what the influence of such a movement will be in the next few years?

## ITALIANISING TYROL

### No More German

Italy's German subjects in Tyrol are no longer to have the convenience of reading official notices in their mother tongue. Italian is henceforth the only official language in the annexed provinces, even in the law courts.

Four years' notice was given of the change after the German population had been three years under their new rulers, but the Fascist Government extended the notice by two years more. The theory is that all the Germans have now had time to learn Italian.

## Heaps of Vitamins inside

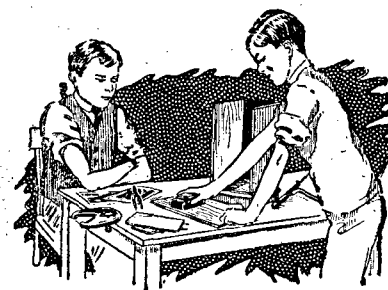
The Vitamins you need  
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are retained in the  
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and further increased  
by the addition of an  
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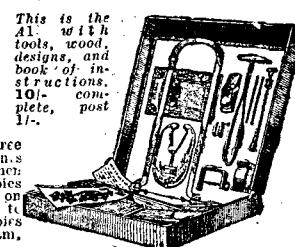


## A Boy's Best Hobby

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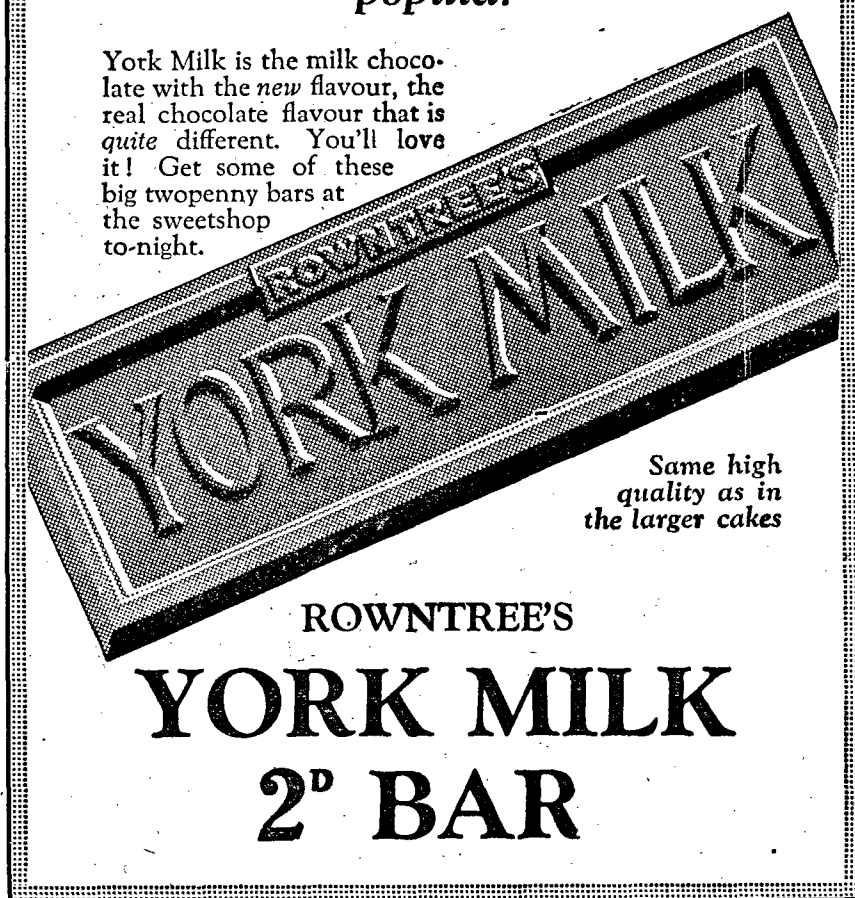
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ROWNTREE'S

**YORK MILK**  
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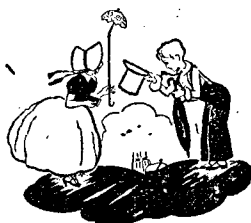
## Lovely Gifts for Schoolgirls

In this and the next two issues of **SCHOOL-DAYS**, there will be a splendid gift for schoolgirls. This week it is a sheet of gaily-coloured oil-paint transfers for decorating lamp shades, mirrors, brushes, boxes, etc.

Next week it will be a wonderful model of a Japanese Garden, and the next—a painted rhyme sheet for hanging on the wall.

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## GOING HOME Nature Like a Lovely Girl WHY WE LOVE OUR MOTHERLAND

By a Friend in Poland

A Polish friend of ours has gone back to the mountains and we think our readers will be interested in these notes of the return from England to Poland.

I was disappointed with Torquay. They have built new roads there, and instead of the beautiful little woods are rows of dull houses. I nearly wept.

We arrived home late in the evening and walked the last four kilometres. It was the first time since my childhood that I felt such intense joy in coming home. Everything seemed far more beautiful than ever, the river, the mountains, the trees by the riverside, even the stars in the sky.

### Better Than Luxury

I understand now why I prefer our bad roads, our rather untidy gardens, our primitive houses, to all the comfort and luxury of your English homes. I feel here that I am one with Nature, and Nature here is like a beautiful girl, as natural as she is born. In England this girl is beautifully dressed in shoes, stockings, a pretty frock, gloves, hair permanently waved, a dab of paint on the lips, and a little powder on the nose. People who pass by say, Oh, look! and go their way, for nobody would think of living with her. Our girl looks poor, she has no beautiful dress, her hair is unkempt, her bare feet are hard and rough; but when you look into her eyes you cannot leave her any more.

That is how I felt when I saw our beloved river coming rushing toward me, jumping over the stones with laughter. It was the same when I went up to the mountains, with the forest growing into the fields, the fields stretching down to the valley, all open without hedges.

Once you are in touch with Nature here you do not want to leave her.

## AEROPLANES IN SEARCH OF DUST

### Seeking the Germ in the Air DISEASE ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND

Aeroplanes have found disease germs blown by the wind two miles above the Earth's surface.

The disease germs were the spores of the fungus which causes rust in wheat. The rust costs the Canadian wheat-growers £5,000,000 a year. In a bad year during the war, when there was a great epidemic of rust, the loss was ten times as much.

Where did the rust come from to descend upon the cornfields? Aeroplanes were sent up to see if it was borne by the wind. They took up with them gelatine plates to which dust would stick. Among the dust were found the spores of the rust. They were present at varying heights; they did not cease at 10,000 feet. All were brought up by the South wind, which sooner or later dropped them on portions of the Canadian wheat belt.

The voyage of the spores could be traced throughout the season, and now that their life-story has been made out some means will be found to check them at their birth.

This discovery that the wind will bear the spores of plant diseases may have important consequences in disclosing the origin of animal diseases like foot-and-mouth disease in cattle.

Epidemics of these begin mysteriously from time to time, and no one knows quite how or why. Perhaps the germs of them are borne on the wings of the wind.

## THE IMPLACABLE IN DANGER SHALL SHE SURRENDER AGAIN?

Old Trafalgar Ship and  
Her Story

### FIGHTING AGAINST NELSON'S VICTORY

What shall we do with the old Implacable? Make firewood of her? Sell her? Or give her to the Sea Scouts?

Here is her story. She was once a dandy frigate called the Duguay-Trouin, and she fought the Victory. In the end British guns brought down one of her masts, and with decks littered with canvas and rope and dying men she had to surrender.

After Trafalgar she was renamed the Implacable and for fifty years she was part of the British Fleet. Then she became a training-ship, but a time came when people said: "It is no use to train boys on a sailing-ship when they are going to serve on ships driven by steam."

So the Implacable was given her discharge and no pension.

### Historic Monuments

Luckily for her there was a lover of ships who was rich enough and generous enough to come to the rescue. Mr. G. Wheatly-Cobb pointed out that the Victory, the Implacable, and the Foudroyant form a group of the three principal types of the old Navy—three-decker, two-decker, and frigate, and he thinks they should all be preserved as historic monuments.

The Victory has many friends to see that she shall never come to harm, but for nearly 40 years Mr. Cobb has had to look after the Implacable and the Foudroyant. He made the Implacable a sort of holiday camp for boys, who loved to live on a ship instead of in a house for a few weeks a year, and the Foudroyant became a home for boys who intended to be seamen.

Before the war the Foudroyant cost Mr. Cobb £3000 a year. Now the cost has risen to £5000, and at the same time he has suffered a loss of more than half his income owing to the collapse of the South Wales coal trade. If Sir James Caird had not come to his aid with £2000 a year the Foudroyant must have been given up to the shipbreakers.

### Opportunity For a Rich Man

But what of the Implacable? Will no rich man help to keep her afloat in Falmouth harbour, to give batch after batch of city boys glorious holidays at sea? She will give 250 boys clean and airy quarters and at the same time she will teach them more English history in a fortnight than they could learn in a term at schools where there are 50 pupils in a class and one harassed teacher.

Who will give £500 a year and become a trustee? Who will give £1000, and so buy the right to have quarters on board when he likes? Surely there must be rich men in England who love Nelson and like boys well enough to save the Implacable.

It would be a shabby thing to let all Mr. Cobb's work and generosity go for nothing, and send the Implacable to the shipbreakers after his long struggle to save this beautiful old ship for English boyhood.

### A NEW RADIO LIGHTHOUSE

A new kind of radio lighthouse, invented by a Glasgow engineer, is to be installed at Cumbrae on the Clyde.

Hitherto wireless lighthouses have sent out signals by which ships provided with the necessary apparatus can tell their position and their distance from land, but the new invention is a kind of wireless telephone, and mariners listening will be able to tell instantly how far off from the lighthouse they are.



## COAL PROSPECTS LOWERING CLOUDS AND HOW TO MEET THEM

### Government Proposals to the Masters and the Men

#### REDUCING OUTPUT

Anxious times are ahead of us in regard to the coal industry.

If things were allowed to drift we might easily have another coal stoppage a few months hence, when district wage agreements come up for revision or renewal. Ever since the last stoppage it has been clear that a national reorganisation of the whole industry is needed, but little has been done. The Government has been holding long conferences with coalowners and miners, and the proposals it is expected to make fall under four headings: hours, prices, the buying up of mining royalties, and international organisation.

#### A Grave Question

The Government is under a pledge to restore the seven-hour working day which the last Parliament took away, but there is grave question whether the state of the industry will stand it. It proposes, therefore, to proceed by stages—half an hour's reduction next May and the other half-hour as soon as possible after. Meanwhile the coalowners are being pressed to go back to the system by which wages were fixed on a national basis instead of by districts, and it is believed that if satisfactory arrangements on these lines cannot be reached voluntarily an Act of Parliament may be proposed fixing a national minimum wage for the whole industry.

The second group of proposals by the Government concerns coal prices. The owners have been working out district schemes for cooperative selling. The Government proposes that these should be joined up in a national scheme for marketing the nation's coal, backed by the State, and giving a voice to consumers and workers on a central board which shall determine output and prices.

The third proposal is that the State should buy out all the landowners who are charging royalties to the coal mines for getting coal under their land.

#### A Big Programme

The fourth proposal, already being set about, is to secure international agreement through the League of Nations for regulating the production and distribution of the world's coal and equalising labour conditions for miners in producing countries.

This is a big programme, but it is criticised less for what it proposes than for what it fails to propose. Good wages and short hours can only be made possible by taking reorganisation a great deal farther than this. It is good to regulate production and prices as long as the consumer as well as the producer has a say in doing it. But everyone knows, say the critics, that the British coal industry is trying to produce more coal than is wanted.

Regulation of output can only work smoothly through the reduction of the number of mines and miners, and by bringing the working of the rest up to the most economical standards. That is a matter of national organisation which coalowners and miners have hitherto refused to face.

It is for the Government and Parliament to face it for them if they will not face it for themselves.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Baroda . . . . .	Bah-ro-dah
Beaumont . . . . .	Bo-mont
Copais . . . . .	Koh-pay-is
Cumbræ . . . . .	Kum-bray
Gottingen . . . . .	Gert-ting-en
Sezeged . . . . .	Se-ged

## LAST OF THE OLD BOOKSHOPS

### The R.T.S. Makes a Move

The last of the old-established London bookshops in St. Paul's Churchyard has moved farther West. It is the shop of the Religious Tract Society, which had been at No. 65 for 92 years.

The first bookshop was opened in St. Paul's Churchyard by Wynkyn de Worde over 400 years ago, and it remained the chief bookselling centre up to the time of the Great Fire, when £150,000 worth of books were burned here. Some of the booksellers never returned, but many did, though gradually they have disappeared. The last survivor was the R.T.S., which has now gone into Fleet Street.

#### Millions of Tracts

The Religious Tract Society is the Father of the British Bible Society, which was founded at one of its meetings in 1802. The R.T.S. publishes and distributes millions of tracts every year in almost every known language. Seven millions were used in China last year, and almost as many in India. It has issued 190 editions of the Pilgrim's Progress in 120 languages, the latest being in Tibetan.

All this work is superintended by a committee which for 130 years has met for breakfast every Tuesday morning in the year except four. Until recently the committee met at 7 a.m., but a little more latitude is now granted, as members can no longer walk round from their homes over their City offices and shops as in the society's earlier days. Eight o'clock breakfast is now the rule. Each signs his name in a roll book, and as half-past eight strikes a line is drawn, and whoever signs below the line is counted as absent. At the end of the year the totals of attendance are noted, and the three at the bottom of the list are dropped from the committee.

#### A BOOK OF WONDER

### Mr. Hammerton's New Part Publication

Less than 300 years ago even the most learned men believed that this planet was the centre of the Universe.

We have learned modesty since those days, and have discovered the Universe, but that does not make our world any less interesting to us. On the contrary it seems to have spurred us to learn as much as possible about it. We are no longer content with myths; we must find out the truth.

In every part of the world men are digging up buried cities in order to learn the history of the past; naturalists are studying birds, beasts, insects, and plant life; geologists are probing into the crust of the Earth to discover its formation, while other scientists are at work in their laboratories testing with delicate instruments the wonders of the molecule and the atom.

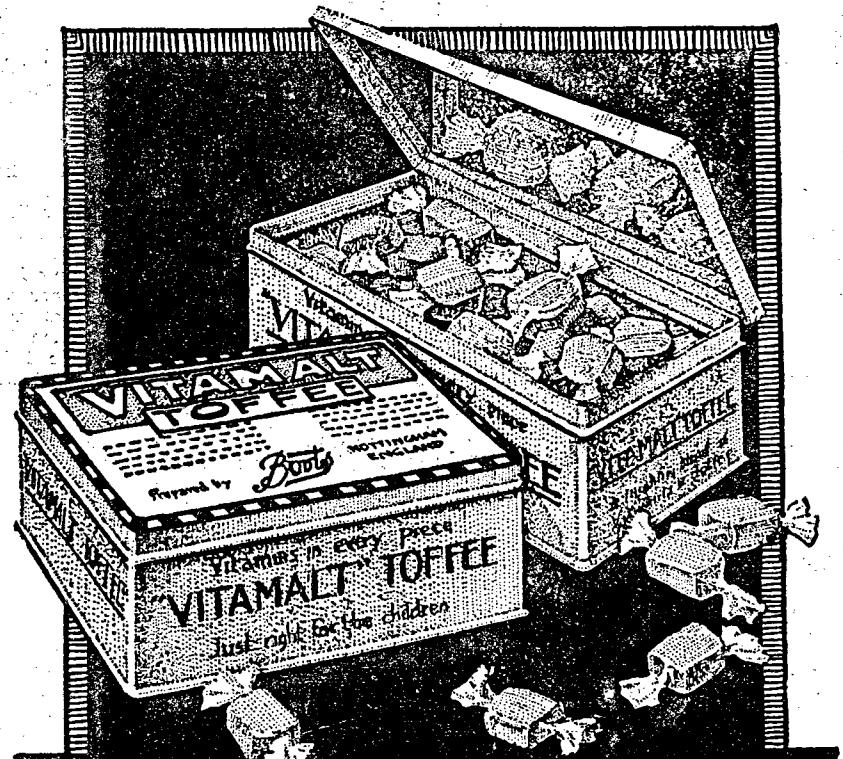
It is safe to say that not a day passes without some important addition being made to our knowledge of the world.

To those who would have in three or four volumes all that is most interesting in written and pictured records concerning the history of the Earth may be confidently introduced the new Part Publication now beginning under the title of Our Wonderful World.

These volumes will include such subjects as the Wonders of Ancient Cities, the Marvels of Modern Science, and Man's Conquest of the Earth. From the freezing depths of ocean's darkest abysses to the mysteries of the upper atmosphere nothing is forgotten, and the whole work will be illustrated by new and vivid photographs.

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# THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 13  
Peter Shudders

CHARITY made a little grimace before answering. Then she echoed: "Why do I call him Dad's favourite? Because he is! He's one of Dad's favourite lame ducks, Peter! Dad picks him up on the moor—"

"We picked him up, Charity." "Or he picked us up," she flashed. "It's all the same thing. Well, he picks up Dad or Dad picks him up, whichever way you like, Peter, and then, without so much as consulting Mother, Dad fits the chap out with clothes, fits him up with a bed over the stables, and gives him a job; though Dad's always complaining of poverty and he hadn't any jobs that were going begging."

"Probably he wanted a new under-gardener." "Did he? Then all I can say," uttered Charity, bridling, for Peter's argumentativeness was annoying her, "then all I can say," she repeated, "is that he never told Mother he did, and he always tells her everything—everything, Peter. Do you think I don't know? I asked her whether Dad had consulted her, and she wouldn't answer. She changed the subject. That made me spot at once that Dad hadn't told her first."

"Still, I don't see why you take it so—so fiercely," said Peter.

"I don't!" she exclaimed with a laugh, all her old self again. "It doesn't matter to me—not one bob of a cherry. But, I say, did you ever see anyone who looked less like a gardener?"

"I don't know," said Peter. "Oh, yes, you do! Gardeners are generally slow, patient people, and their faces grow gentle from living with flowers. This man looks too savage for anything, Peter. He looks much more like—like—"

"Like what?" Peter breathed when she hesitated. "Oh, I don't know exactly. Like a brigand, or something. And he doesn't look English."

"He speaks decent English." "Oh, does he? And how do you know? He only muttered at us that day on the moor. And you can't pretend that his name sounds English."

"Perhaps it isn't. But, anyhow, I really don't see why you call him your father's pet."

"I didn't say pet. I said favourite." "It's the same thing. Just because your father took pity on him you haven't any reason to call him his favourite."

Charity looked at him shrewdly. "Dear Peter," she smiled, "I'm not such a perfect ninny as you seem to fancy. You're as curious as you can be about this strange person, or you wouldn't have gone on talking about him so long. Why are you so curious, Peter?"

"Well, you and I came across him first," he answered lamely. "But that isn't all."

She had laid a hand on his arm. Again he regretted the promise made to himself. He wanted to tell her, to take her into his confidence, to share with her his uneasiness.

And then of a sudden his mind changed again. Regret fled. For the sun went in and a shadow fell on the path. The shadow fell right across where she was standing, and he seemed to see a darker shadow behind it—the shadow which was overhanging this house, groping its merciless way, to close over Charity.

"Peter! Why are you shuddering?"

Peter didn't answer, for in that instant he was consecrating himself to stand between his comrade and that dark shadow. So far as he could, with all his slight strength, all his wits, he vowed that he would stand between her and the shadow. He saw himself as no mighty champion; he saw himself but as a small person with nothing to boast of, with no trumpets to flourish, no sharp lance to splinter. He did not picture himself as galloping into the lists and striking down all who opposed him in Charity's cause; no images so romantic and vainglorious stirred him. Yet his dreamy eyes were fixed and his nostrils were quivering as he took his humble pledge deep down in his heart.

"At any rate, I'm better than nothing," he said.

Unconsciously he had uttered the words aloud.

Charity started.

"Peter, what's better than nothing?"

His face went one flush from his chin to the roots of his hair.

"I was thinking, that's all," he mumbled. The sun had come out again. It flooded the path.

"Peter, let's go in," she said. "It's too hot here." She slipped her arm under his as he fell in beside her. "I wish you'd tell me, Peter, what you and that creature were talking about?"

"Who's being inquisitive now?" he retorted lightly.

"Well, shall I tell you why I called him Dad's favourite?"

"You've told me once!" "I only told you half, Peter. The other half is because Dad's so much keener on him than on our real gardener. He is always slipping down to the vegetable garden to gossip with the horrid man while he's working. I suppose Dad thinks that he can reclaim him."

"I expect so," smiled Peter. Then Charity corrected herself.

"No, I shouldn't have said always; that was a stretch. To be exact, I've spotted them talking there twice."

"Why shouldn't they talk there if they like?" Peter murmured.

"And why did the brute come and peep through the window?" she rapped.

"Oh, come on!" cried Peter, darting into the drive. "I'll race you! Look! We're keeping Mrs. Mandeverell waiting."

As perhaps they were, for the talkative lady professed that she had never felt half so hungry in all her born days, and proceeded thereupon to eat such a little that Peter thought she must have lived half her life as a mouse.

But he thought next that she looked much more like a cat than a mouse. Not a comfortable, plump, purring tabby, but a lean prowler. Her eyes were amber, at any rate, he decided; yellowish-brown with the light shining through them, not from them. Queer eyes—queerer than any he'd ever seen.

And when she moved she didn't make any sound.

He was reflecting that she had only to grow some straight whiskers from the sides of her cheeks when he dropped his head guiltily, for she was addressing him.

"Peter, why are you staring at me so?" she demanded.

"I am sorry," he said, with a little astonishment, for he had never heard any rasp in her voice before.

Nor did any rasp remain when she turned to her host.

"Colonel Grevel, what a pity about poor Odin."

"Oh, I didn't know they had told you, Mrs. Mandeverell."

Mr. Scharner broke his customary silence. "I'm afraid I'm the culprit," he smiled.

"I was speaking about it just before lunch." He looked across the table at Major Chris, whose gaze was resting thoughtfully on their visitor. "How is Odin getting on, Major? He's recovering, I hope?"

"He'll soon be about again," was the quiet response.

"That's splendid!" cried Mrs. Mandeverell, as they rose.

CHAPTER 14  
The Colt

It was not until the following afternoon that Peter succeeded in getting speech with the new under-gardener again.

But that was all he did secure for his trouble. For directly he had felt his way to a cautious allusion to their interruption of the morning before he encountered first a blank look and, when he persisted, a surly and significant shake of the head. It was clear that the man had thought better of it since yesterday.

No wonder Peter was filled with new doubts and misgivings. Who was this man? What was he? Where did he fit into this puzzle which was keeping him, Peter, on thorns? After how much precaution only a few hours back had the fellow come to the point of uttering some warning, and with what abruptness were his lips sealed today! What had happened in the meanwhile to change him?

Peter felt like one about to enter a room which holds some coveted object when suddenly the door is banged in his face. And bolted. And locked. For in the man's sullen decisiveness had been that which proclaimed he would never return to the subject.

Thus reflecting, Peter went back to the house, wondering where Charity was and what she was doing, for he had it in his mind to go as far as the Devil's Chimney and scramble about for a while there if she would come with him. But indoors he

learned that she had gone out with her mother, so, after dismissing the claims of his book and the terrace, he decided to go for a look at the colts in their paddock behind the house.

The sun was broiling again. When he came to the paddock he leaned against the rails and watched the colts grazing. There were three of them, two browns at the farthest end and one big-growing bay with a star on its forehead, which in Peter's judgment was already more horse than colt. As he watched he noticed that this big bay kept lifting its head and tossing it in irritation. The flies, he supposed, were troubling it, or the fierce sun; but he wondered why it didn't go under the trees. Most colts had sense enough to take themselves into the shade.

Its two companions at the other end of the paddock were browsing quite placidly, showing no indication of feeling flies or the heat. And when he came to look round him Peter perceived no particular number of flies about. Perhaps the poor beast had rubbed its neck on the wire and then chafed the place to a sore.

At any rate, he would go and see what the matter was, as he would have done at home for his father's animals. So, buttoning his flannel jacket, he slipped under the wire.

As he approached it the colt stopped tossing its head and stared at him with its ears cocked and nostrils distended. Then, having satisfied itself that the newcomer was a stranger, instead of scampering off, as Peter expected, and having that sort of a game with him till he caught it, it planted its forelegs, bared its teeth, and laid back its ears.

"Halloa! It doesn't cotton to me," he reflected.

But he was too accustomed to horses to feel much disturbed, so, with one hand extended, he went on, clicking his tongue and keeping his own eyes steadily on the animal's.

"What's the matter, old boy? What's the matter?" he kept saying soothingly.

The big colt's tail began to twitch and its eyes showed their white.

Marking this, and being within a few yards now, Peter turned to the right in order to come round its flank, talking all the time in a low, friendly voice. But the colt showed no signs of retreat. Very slowly it turned in its own space as he turned, with movement for movement, always keeping its chest toward him. Its eyeballs were swelling.

"It isn't shy," thought Peter, "and it isn't frightened." And suddenly, as the truth burst upon him, "it's vicious!"

He understood now why the other two kept to the far end of the paddock. Possibly they went in some alarm of its vicious fits.

Well, was he to be afraid of a vicious horse? He had handled ugly-tempered creatures before today. Yes, he owned, but they had been bitted and saddled.

"Which makes a lot of difference," he said to himself.

Still, if this furious beast would only let him get close enough to stroke it and talk to it properly they'd soon make friends. It might try lashing out, but it wouldn't savage him.

Peter was not going to show the white feather. It flashed on him, too, that if the colt really meant mischief the less uneasiness betrayed by himself the better. And though unquestionably he was ready enough to admit that he would rather have been on the other side of the railing he knew that if he turned tail and made a bolt for it he would bring the animal after him in a flash. No; he must make it think that its tantrums did not alarm him.

On the other hand, there was no use in being foolhardy.

At this instant the infuriated creature itself solved the issue. Trembling from head to tail as if shivering with cold, it poured out a shrill challenge which was half snort, half screech, then advanced one foot and stood with it raised.

Some perspiration gathered on Peter's brow; the palms of his hands felt moist; but his gaze did not quiver as he backed slowly, very slowly, on his toes, his muscles and nerves straining. And with equally quiet movement he slipped off his jacket. He had barely done so when the animal made its rush at him. Peter ducked and flung his jacket into its eyes. Its hot breath splashed his face, but it swerved to one side and was carried past by the impetus of its onslaught.

He had blinded it for the merest fraction of time. In the next it had shaken its head free and come thundering back at him.

Simultaneously the air was split by a piercing whistle.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO THE CAT BURGLAR

BIG Brother Adolphus came home one day full of Monkeyville's latest excitement. "The Mayor has been robbed!" he announced; "£50 in notes gone, and not a bit of silver or jewellery left in the house."

"Dear, dear!" said Mother Jacko. "What a loss! Have the police any clue?"

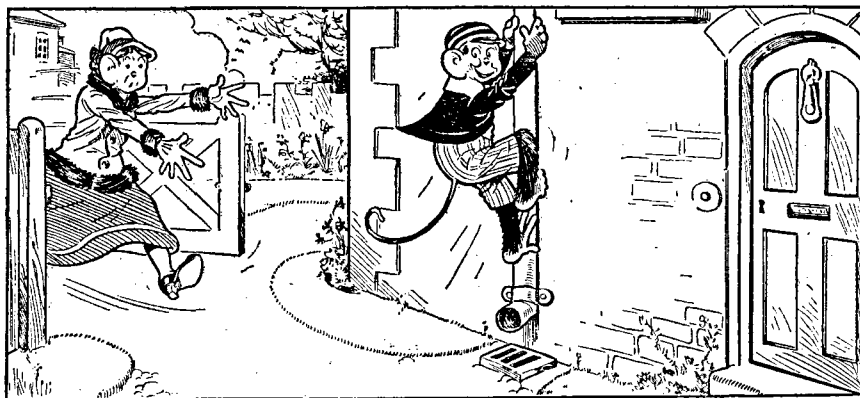
Adolphus shook his head. "Cat burglars, that's all they know. They must have climbed up a pipe and got in through an open window while everybody was downstairs having tea."

"The audacity of the rascals!" observed Father Jacko.

"Coo! It's easy enough if you've only got the pluck," said Jacko.

"Could do it yourself, I suppose," said Adolphus, with a sneer.

"Easily," agreed Jacko, "as easily as winking, if I wanted to."



"They're at it again!" somebody shouted

"I'm sure I hope you never will," said Mother Jacko nervously.

But Jacko wasn't listening. As soon as ever he was out of the house he made his way to the scene of the burglary "to have a look."

There was the window where the men had got in, still open.

"As simple as A B C," murmured Jacko. He glanced round. There wasn't a soul about. "Why, I could get in myself at this very moment."

He began to grin. He'd skim up the pipe and drop his handkerchief inside, for Adolphus's benefit, just to prove he'd been there.

Up he went like greased lightning, touched the window-sill, flung his handkerchief inside, and was sliding cheerfully down when he heard a scream.

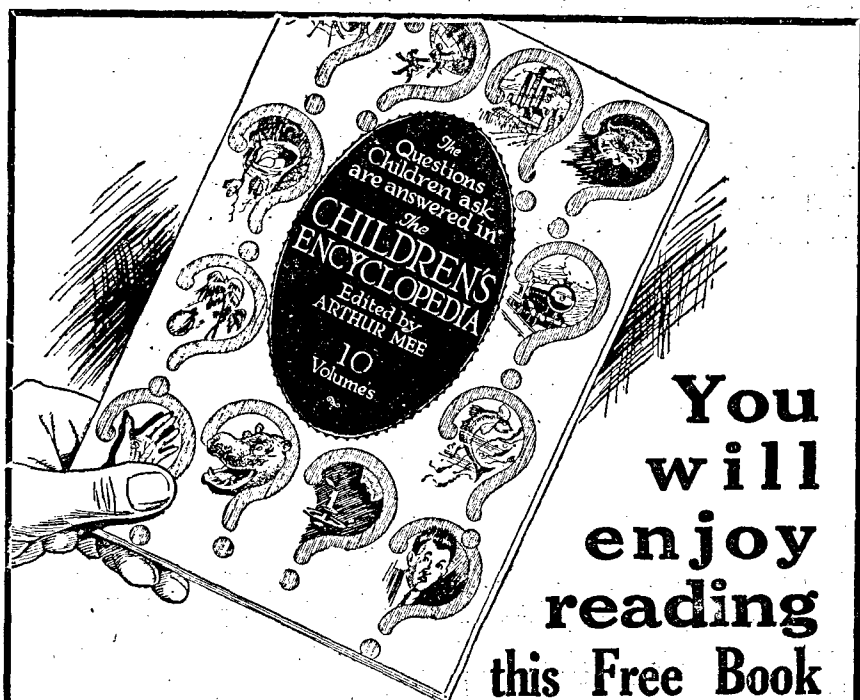
"They're at it again!" somebody shouted. "There's one of them! Catch him!" And before Jacko could stir he was held fast in a grip of iron.

"Off with him to the police station!" they cried.

And he was half-way there before someone in the crowd recognised him.

They let him off, but not without a good sound box on the ears.





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Something to sing about!



**CHEEP!  
CHEEP!!  
CHEEP!!!**

**and Oh  
so good!**

## BIRD'S Custard with a delicious Baked Apple

Packets 1½d. 6½d. 10½d. Family Tins 1/3½d.

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When Uncle  
winks we all wink.

It means Nestlé's Milk  
Chocolate Croquettes.

That's why. Rich, creamy  
chocolate—choc-full of goodness.

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wrapping kept fresh with all its flavour.

**NESTLÉ'S  
MILK CHOCOLATE  
CROQUETTES**



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 9, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

## THE BRAN TUB

### A Word Diamond

THE following clues indicate words which when placed under each other will form a diamond of words. The beginning of help; a male relative; parts of boots; day of recreation; a donkey; utter; end of worry.

Answer next week

### Wild Flower of the Week

#### Yellow Toadflax

THIS well-known plant, very common in hedges, blossoms always till October and often well into November. The upright spikes of yellow flowers are very striking and attractive, especially at a time when flowers are getting scarce. Children call the plant butter-and-eggs on account of the yellow blossoms, and it is also called by country people rambling sailor, though why it has this name no one quite knows.

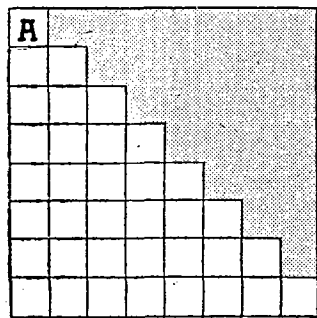
### The Weight of the Brain

THE human brain, which weighs nine or ten ounces at birth, grows in a man to three pounds and in a woman to two pounds ten ounces.

### Do You Live at Barmouth?

THIS name has a strange origin. It is really a corruption of the Welsh name for the town, Abermawddach, which means the mouth of the River Maw, where the town stands. Maw means that which fills or spreads out, a reference to the river.

### Step Words

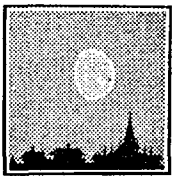


BEGIN with the letter A and add one letter at each step until a word of eight letters meaning confidence, is formed. As an additional clue, the five-letter word means to acquire knowledge. The letters may be added in any order and the existing letters may be transposed if necessary, but proper words must be made at each stage.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Mercury are in the South-East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, and Jupiter and Uranus are in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on November 13.

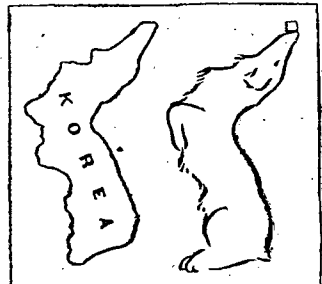


### Cleaning the Floor

JENNY is quick at housework, but her sister Rhoda is rather lazy. One day Rhoda began to scrub the floor, but after doing half of it she left it to be finished by her sister, who at once set to work twice as fast.

Unfortunately, after Jenny had done three-quarters of what remained, her brother Billy came in with muddy boots and spoiled what she had done, so that it had to be done again. If Rhoda began work at five minutes to eleven and Jenny finished at 32½ minutes past eleven, how long would it take Jenny to clean the whole floor, supposing Billy wiped his boots before coming in? Answer next week

### Pictures From the Atlas



HERE is another picture from the atlas—Korea represented as a dog begging. It is an interesting pastime for the long winter evenings to search in the atlas for other maps which resemble animals or objects.

### The Words We Speak and How They Came

Peculiar. We speak of a person with eccentric or singular habits as peculiar, and this takes us back to the old days when wealth consisted almost entirely of flocks and herds. The word peculiar means "having cattle." The cattle which belonged to a man were his own private property, and from this fact the word peculiar came to mean private. Later, when a man had some personal habit which was strange and curious people spoke of him as peculiar because this habit belonged to him alone.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

GOLDEN plovers appear in groups. Titmice are now coming near to houses. The teal and fieldfare arrive. The redwing is seen. The larch, apricot, and beech trees are stripped of their leaves. Yellow toadflax is still in blossom in some parts.

### A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in cup but not in pot,  
My second's in canter but not in trot,  
My third is in line but not in write,  
My fourth is in brief but not in trite,  
My fifth is in some but not in all,  
My sixth is in trip but not in fall,  
My seventh is in odour but not in scent,  
My last is in came but not in went,  
My whole is a city of recent date,  
Forming a capital in an empire great.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



La girouette Le fourgon Le trolley  
Le vent fait tourner la girouette.  
Le fourgon est un chariot couvert.  
Quand déchargera-t-on le trolley?

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns. The four weeks up to September 28, 1929, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1929	BIRTHS 1928	DEATHS 1929	DEATHS 1928
London	5509	5557	3030	3212
Glasgow	1648	1658	923	1000
Liverpool	1441	1404	731	740
Birmingham	1273	1362	645	663
Manchester	1042	978	593	569
Dublin	893	823	392	383
Sheffield	589	638	343	385
Edinburgh	524	547	345	376
Hull	414	392	274	243
Portsmouth	324	300	174	178
Swansea	208	237	109	102
Exeter	90	75	43	41

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

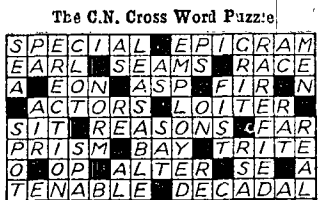
A Curtailed Word. Patent

A Numerical Spelling. Olio

Who Am I? Fulton

Who Was He? John Bright

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



## Dr MERRYMAN

### An All-Round Sportswoman

MRS. DE SMYTHE: Does your daughter play Mozart?  
Mrs. Newriche: I think so; but she plays a much better game at tennis.

### Quick is the Action

IT was plain to see that the mule strongly objected to being harnessed.  
"Doesn't that mule sometimes kick you?" a looker-on asked the stableman.  
"No, sir," was the reply.  
"But he often kicks where I've just been."

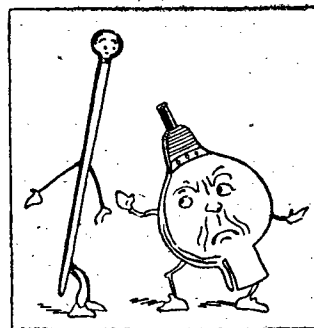
### Cutting the Loss

THERE had been a burglary at the local draper's shop, and the thieves had got away with a large haul.  
"What a good job it didn't happen the night before," said Mrs. Gossip, "for it was only yesterday the prices were all marked down by half."

### A Good Hit

THE new golfer studied the ball for some moments, and then took a mighty swipe.  
The ball hadn't moved—but lots of earth had.  
"I certainly hit something," said the surprised player.  
"England, sir," replied the caddie.

### Trouble on the Hearth



THE Bellow's temper's not as good as some folk might desire. He quarrels with the poker first and then "blows up" the fire.

### Slowcoach

BILLY was cleaning Father's boots and was taking a long time to do it.  
"Haven't you finished those boots yet?" Father called to him.  
"Almost; I am doing the second," said Billy.  
"Well, where is the first?" asked Father.  
"Oh," replied Billy, "I'll do that when I've finished the second."

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

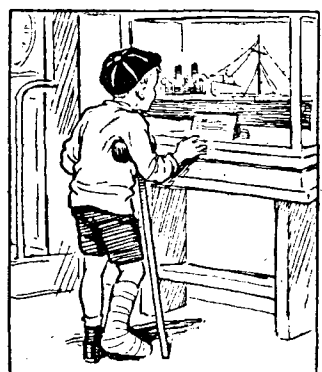
ONE rainy Saturday Harry dragged himself and his crutch into Waterloo Station. The day was close and hot and Harry's bad leg ached miserably. He could not sleep at night, for his home was in a narrow street where neither fresh air nor sunshine entered.

What made things worse was that he could remember the breezy seaside village where he was born. He could remember the blue sky and the dancing waves and, best of all, the gallant ships sailing by. How he longed for the sight of a ship!

And there in the railway station of all unlikely places he discovered the Magic Ship!

It was in a glass showcase. A card fixed to the case said

the ship was a model of one made to carry passengers across the seas and was built



Harry feasted his eyes on it

by a famous, well-known firm of shipbuilders.

All nonsense, Harry thought. Only fairy folk could build

such a craft. The net-work of cables, the slender masts, the sturdy funnels, were the work of fairy fingers. There were tiny fairy boats fixed over the after-deck. These were supposed to be lifeboats. But no storm could ever touch the Magic Ship, and these boats were only put there for ornament.

There was a crowd of people round the showcase. Children came and went. But Harry stayed on, feasting his eyes on the beauties of the little vessel.

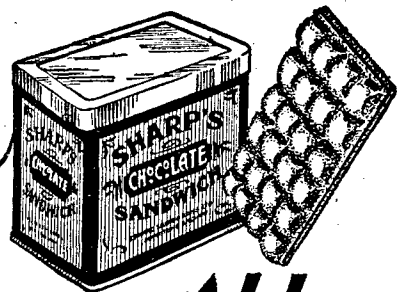
He could see himself sailing it. He was the captain, of course. He stood on the bridge and shouted his orders to the crew, who replied, "Aye, aye, sir." The sun shone on the

## THE MAGIC SHIP

sea; brightly-plumed birds rested for a moment or two on the masts, the wind sang through the ropes, and the air was scented by spices. His ship carried spices and peacocks and apes and ivory.

A voice at his elbow awakened him from the day-dream. It said, "Harry, would you like to make a ship like this? I'll teach you, if so. In my young days, before I went to sea, I used to be a shipbuilder."

It was Sailor Joe, a man who lived in Harry's street. He was supposed to be rather a surly old fellow, yet here he was offering such splendour. Would Harry like it? Some questions don't need an answer.



# ALL Children like Chocolate Sandwich!

Every one of them—from oldest to youngest. It is so smooth and creamy and of such unusually delightful flavour. The finest quality chocolate is sandwiched between two slabs of Sharp's Pure Toffee. Could anything be more tempting?

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